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ROOM

JOHN BULL

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No. 044513

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We recently had to tender our thanks to Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., for a generous tribute paid to us, in the course of an address to a Conservative meeting in Hackney. And now comes another eminent member of the Bar, Mr. Herbert Nield, M.P., the Deputy Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, with a testimonial than which no man could ask for better—for to be told that we are "as straight as any man in the House of Commons" is a character indeed. Such a testimonial, given publicly by a political opponent, almost reconciles us to our present troubles.

Our good friend Ben Tillett has fallen foul of the Parliamentary Labour party, and in a pamphlet just issued has said things about them which might well have come from the pen of Victor Grayson. He charges them with libelling their class in connection with the Licensing discussion, and says that Henderson, Shackleton and Snowden have "out-Heroded the worst ranters." The present leader of the party, "when a Gospel-Temperance-Liberal Election agent, was of little importance," whilst Shackleton, "as a useful but obscure trade union official, was of little consequence; now he is the darling of Cabinet Ministers, 'hot gospellers,' temperance fanatics and educational endowment thieves," and so on and so on. When Labour men fall out, how are the workers to get their due?

More clerical blasphemy. The Rev. E. P. Aldom French, preaching at the Dome mission service at Brighton, remarked that "in the earthquake at Messina was revealed God's love." We wonder whether the reverend gentleman would have been of the same opinion if his own wife and children, or, better still, he himself, had been there at the time! Meanwhile, perhaps he, or some other competent ecclesiastical authority, will enlighten us as to the precise significance of the fact that the only building which escaped destruction was the lunatic asylum. Personally, we don't pretend to understand these things.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published immediately after the conclusion of the Guildhall proceedings in Rex *v.* Bottomley.

We wish the *Daily News* every success with its northern edition. We trust it may turn out that a quick copy of our very good contemporary is just the thing for which Lancashire has been waiting. But we were shocked to read that graphic description of the Titanic struggle which resulted in the historic production—for it all occurred on a Sunday! We are glad to be able to assure our readers that JOHN BULL employs no Sunday labour.

The Rev. F. C. Spurr, of the Maze Pond Baptist Church, Old Kent Road, has been offered the pastorate of the Collins Street Church, Melbourne, and he has asked his congregation "to consider the position and help him to decide." It may possibly assist the reverend gentleman if we mention that the salary at the Melbourne establishment is about £40 a week. What it is in the Old Kent Road we do not know. But this should be enough to "knock 'em"!

What we desire to direct special attention to, however, is Mr. Spurr's smug and ingenuous declaration that "a certain amount of unrest, removals and laxity on the part of a portion of the congregation has made him wonder whether his work at Maze Pond is finished." In other words, having apparently been unable to keep his congregation together, and having obtained an offer of another, and more lucrative, job, this self-sufficient man of God looks around him, in all the appalling poverty and crime and squalor of the Old Kent Road, and wonders whether his work is finished! The sooner he gets off to Melbourne, the better.

A few weeks ago we suggested that a remedy might be found for the present political *impasse* by the establishment of a Government of business men, and now we observe, with satisfaction, that a well-known clergyman, the Rev. J. L. Davids, has adopted a similar idea with reference to the Church.

> "I feel very strongly," he says, "that the Church has need of men who have been trained in a business life, for if she is to influence commerce she must draw a large number of her clergy from the commercial classes."

And accordingly he has obtained the sanction of the Bishop of London to carry out a scheme for educating for the ministry men who are still in business. We wish Mr. Davids good luck. If we must be preached at, let the preachers be men who know something about *this* world.

Is it a fact that Viscount Wolverhampton (Sir Henry Fowler) is a member of the firm of Fowler, Langley and Wright, solicitors, Wolverhampton? Is it a fact that this firm are solicitors to W. Butler and Co., Ltd., brewers, Wolverhampton? Is it a fact that Viscount Wolverhampton is now, and has been for very many years, trustee for the debenture holders in this brewery company? Is it a fact that Mr. Langley has been for many years past, and is now, a director of this brewery company? Here is a chance for Mr. Faber to get on with another £1,000 bet!

He is a blind man indeed who does not see that the question of Fiscal Reform is entering the domain of practical politics; and in this connection, no aspect of the problem is of greater interest than that of what is called the "emancipation of agriculture." One of the ablest exponents of this creed is Mr. W. H. Behrens, the eminent City solicitor, who, in a leaflet just issued, points out that—

> So recently as in 1870 the production of foodstuffs within the British Isles was sufficient to support the entire population with the exception of an import of about one hundred millions sterling per annum. Although the population has since that date increased only by about 33 per cent., the importation of foodstuffs and kindred products now amounts to the enormous total of about £240,000,000 per annum or an increase of 140 per cent. Is it to be wondered at that trade generally in the country is bad when the productive capacity of the soil is not at par, and the asset which ought to be producing the greatest return in the country's profit and loss account is not being utilised to one quarter the extent of which it is capable? For there is no manner of doubt that one-half at least of the imports of foodstuffs can be produced in this country just as well and nearly as cheaply as in the exporting countries, provided that the taxation incident to agricultural production in this country is no greater than that levied on imported produce. Is it to be wondered at that manufacturers and merchants complain of an insufficient demand for their products when the population which the land ought to support is no longer able to eke out a hand to mouth existence?

We think there is a more important inference to be drawn from Mr. Behrens's facts than the one he adopts—the continuing physical deterioration of the race and the overcrowding of the labour market. And for ourselves, we would gladly risk a little economic heresy on the chance of finding a solution for these evils.

That restless moralist, Father Vaughan, has discovered that in the eyes of man a politician is a vote, a woman of society so much entertainment, a commercial man so much business, and, while travelling, merely a ticket. Here the holy father stopped and missed the opportunity of a lifetime. He should have added that in one way or another the ticket is always getting punched.

The decrees of Sir Gorell Barnes, President of the Divorce Court, have often a long way to run. In the case of Mrs. Rosalind Chetwynd, who has obtained an order against her husband for restitution of conjugal rights, it was explained in court the other day that Mr. Chetwynd is in "South Africa shooting big game—lions or something." Imagine the officer of the court chasing Mr. Chetwynd through the pathless forests while the wild beasts seek whom they may devour—eventually serving the great hunter, as he is shooting his seventy-fifth lion before breakfast, with a decree ordering him to return to his happy home and restitute the lady's conjugal rights. As to what Mr. Chetwynd would remark on the occasion, no information is forthcoming; but he would probably observe that he knew a game worth two of that.

There is one member of the Government whom it is always a delight to see on the war-path—Mr. Winston Churchill, to wit. Age does not wither nor marriage stale his infinite variety. His speech at Birmingham had all the old grit and all the old tenacity. One of its passages was specially interesting. "I should be quite content," he said, "to see the battle joined as speedily as possible upon the plain, simple issue of aristocratic rule against representative Government, between the reversion to Protection and the maintenance of Free Trade, between a tax on bread and a tax on—well, never mind." How much is Mr. Churchill offering for the correct naming of the missing word? We name it in once—"Beer."

However much some people may affect to believe that the Admiralty are not as alive as they should be to the needs of the country in regard to our Navy, it cannot be complained that they do not keep a sharp eye on the Handy Man's trousers. By an order just issued, their lordships explain that though the regulations of the Service prescribe that the trousers of bluejackets are to be only one inch wider at the foot than at the knee, trousers in excess of authorised dimensions are not uncommon. Commanding officers, therefore, are to report to headquarters their views on the great trousers question, and if it should be proved that the consensus of opinion is in favour of a vaster expanse of cloth, "it would seem desirable to recognise the practice officially and modify the regulations accordingly." We trust, therefore, that commanding officers will consider the trousers from every point of view, north, south, east, and west, so that the Admiralty may settle the bearings once and for all. While they are about it, they might also report whether, in their opinion, lace trimmings round the bottoms would contribute to the naval strength of the country.

The attitude of the ratepayers of Bermondsey towards science should be highly appreciative, for the Borough Council, by means of special aeration and filtration, are now able to use their bath water over and over again, so that it is always as good as new. They report on high bacteriological authority that water which has been bathed in by 2,500 people, when subjected to treatment, is now preferable to ordinary bath water, while Dr. Eyre, of Guy's Hospital, has examined a sample of water used in the baths for ten months and declares it to be in every respect excellent. So much for the hygiene of it. The finance of it is that the Bermondsey ratepayers were saved £240 on last year's water-rate. To avoid misunderstanding, however, it is necessary to say that although the Bermondsey bath water is well washed, it does not make a good teetotal beverage. There is too much body in it.

A case in which the London County Council summoned a passenger before Mr. Cluer for not paying his fare raises a point of public importance. The defendant had taken a transfer ticket at Hackney for Bloomsbury. He boarded a car at Cambridge Heath, but when the conductor came to demand the fare, he found that he had lost his ticket. He declined to pay again, and, having given his name and address, he was summoned as stated. In the witness-box, the defendant repeated the facts on oath, and the magistrate expressed the opinion that the officers of the Council should have accepted his statement unless they had sufficient reasons for doubting it. He therefore inflicted the nominal penalty of one penny, without costs.

This is a snub for the Council, and we are disposed to think that it was not undeserved. It is very easy to lose one's tramway ticket. Besides, thousands of strangers in London use the Council's cars. Many of them, unaware that the tickets may be demanded by an inspector, deliberately tear them up as soon as received. They are often not in a position to read or even see the small-print bye-laws affixed at one end of the car, and can hardly be expected to know anything about them. Some such conspicuous notice as "Keep your tickets," might reduce the Council's revenue somewhat, but it would prevent the public from legal imposition. Large numbers of passengers pay twice over because they do not wish to be dragged into a police court. Prosecution for the sake of prosecution is poor enterprise for a public authority. Besides, this was a Hackney man.

Who is it said that the drunkard with a past makes the teetotaler of the future? This, on her own confession, seems to be true of Mrs. Carrie Nation, due shortly in

London. For instance, after haranguing Bailie Lawrie at his Kirkside distillery in Perth, Carrie admitted that she had been in gaol thirty-three times and had been drunk. "Her father and grandfather kept whisky and beer in their houses," the *Glasgow News* quotes her as saying, "and she then used to drink. She had done as much as two months' imprisonment." In these days the spectacle of Carrie reeling home with a bottle of prime Scotch in one hand and a jug of ale in the other, or even cuddling a policeman or a pillar-box, is not, of course, to be seen of human eyes, and it must be comforting to all her relatives that she has turned over a new leaf. It has always been our contention that a person who never has enough until he gets drunk ought to swear off for ever and ever; and, let us add, not make a fuss about it.

Another of the Peerage appears to be of a saving turn of mind. The Duke of Bedford is also one of those who believes that if you take care of the pence the millions sterling will take care of themselves. His Grace's pensioners on the Woburn estate have had deductions made equal to the amount they draw from the State as Old Age pensions. Several of those who were drawing 10s. and upwards did not apply for the Government pension, but it has now been intimated to them by the estate agent that they must put in their claims. By this means his Grace will save here a little and there a little, thus laying up more treasure on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break in and steal. As a London landlord, the Duke owns Covent Garden, where the flowers and cabbages come from, as well as a considerable part of Bloomsbury, where the boarding-houses are numerous and the landladies have seen better days. Recently the Earl of Rosebery lectured on various aspects of thrift, but he does not appear to have thought of the Duke as a shining light in this direction. If he prints his remarks perhaps he will add a complementary footnote to repair his omission.

Here is a story from the Isle of Thanet. William Savin is an old soldier of the Buffs, who has served his country well. He wears medals for the Chitral expedition and the Transvaal war; also wounds received in the execution of his duty. He was admitted as a tenant of the Buffs Cottage Homes in the Isle of Thanet, on the high recommendation of the Colonel of his regiment. Subsequently he obtained from the Margate magistrates an exemption certificate under the Vaccination Act on behalf of his child. Following this, he was honoured with a visit from the secretary of the Homes, a Miss Friend, who informed him that unless the child were vaccinated he would have to leave. He pointed out to her that there was no such condition in the official rules then hanging in his house. These rules Miss Friend then removed, afterwards bringing a new set to which an additional rule had been added, No. 12, that "Occupants of the cottages and their children must be vaccinated when considered necessary by the Medical Officer." Savin took advice on the matter, and refused to leave. In consequence of that refusal he was forcibly ejected. It is now stated that the non-vaccination of his child was not the only reason for the harsh way in which this old soldier, bearing the scars of his country's battles, was turned out of his cottage. Whether or not there is any other of substance, after-thought appears to have supplied it.

The Vicar of St. Leonard's, Padiham, near Burnley, has thought out a means of applying an old game to a new purpose. In connection with a social gathering in the church school a kissing bush was erected, the game being for the young men to place themselves near it and, if caught or drawn under it by the ladies present, to submit to be kissed at a charge of sixpence a kiss, the proceeds being devoted to rewarding the waiters, decorators and carvers who had rendered services during the festivities. Historically considered, the kissing bush is believed to be an inversion of the popular entertainment known to the madding crowd as "Chase me, Charley," but which is the more exciting is known only to those who have played both.

The Rev. Henry Norburn's references in his Long-sight Parish Magazine to the manners of Lancashire will not please the people of that enterprising and plain-speaking county. But, class for class, it is hardly in doubt that Lancashire men are somewhat rougher in their social amenities than, for instance, southern folk. This is seen in its most glaring examples at the watering-places where Lancastrians spend their holidays, and where they move among a come-and-go community drawn from all parts of the kindgom. Blackpool, during the "wakes," to take a case, is one of the roughest seaside resorts known to this country. Compare it at such a time with Margate or Southend. Margate is to the Cockney what Blackpool is to the Lancastrian, yet it is a Belgravian drawing-room compared with the other place. In Blackpool a man will tread on you, push against you, half knock you over, and never utter as much as "Sorry!" Blackpool, in fact, has achieved a name for the uncouthness and roughness of its visitors. For this reason it is hardly too much to say that it frightens away thousands of southerners every year.

The conviction of two of the "Peculiar People" may go some way to stamp out the pernicious beliefs of these people, so far as they result in the wilful neglect of those dependent on them. In this case there can be no reasonable doubt that if the prisoners had called in a doctor they would have saved the life of their child. What they did instead was to call in an "elder" of the sect, a Mrs. Worms, who prayed over the child; "and," she said in the witness-box, "the Lord heard her." Now that is a question of fact which is not capable of being either affirmed or denied; but taking it for granted that the prayer was heard, it was ineffective, for the child died. True it is that when our own King Edward was seriously ill, prayers were offered up for his recovery in all the churches and chapels. But Sir William Gull was in attendance all the time.

Though the members of the Truck Committee, in reporting on the living-in system in many wholesale and retail trades have not been able to recommend its abolition, their proposals for the official inspection of the conditions will in all probability tend to that result. For if the accommodation afforded to their employees by business firms is to be subjected to examination and report by L.G.B. or other inspectors, many employers would rather do away with living-in altogether than subject themselves to what they will regard as inconvenience and annoyance. As to the fines inflicted, the Committee had before them ample evidence, not only of injustice, but of absurdity. For instance, one West End dressmaker fines her workgirls if they come downstairs in couples, the inflexible rule being that they must come down one by one. On the whole, the Committee's Report is much to the good.

Not long ago a collector named Hayward, of New Cross, stopped a runaway horse and van belonging to Messrs. J. and T. H. Wallis, of the Wandle Flour Mills, Beddington, at considerable personal risk. The horse broke away from him once or twice, but he ran after it, caught up with it, and seized the bridle, only to be knocked down. But he still held on to the horse's head, and was dragged along quit fifty yards before the animal came to a stop. Hayward was badly shaken, and his clothes were torn and spoiled. Now the least this firm could have done in equity was to give Hayward the price of a new suit of clothes. Instead, they wrote

four letters before sending five shillings, and two more to say that they would draw the attention of their assurance company to the matter, that the assurance company could not entertain the case, and that they themselves could do nothing further in the matter. This cheap and paltry acknowledgment of a plucky act does not strike us as reflecting much credit on Messrs. Wallis, and we are moved to wonder whether, if Hayward had been killed, they would have seen their way to send even as much as five shillings to his sorrowing relatives as a contribution to his funeral expenses. If all firms were as encouraging as this one we should be inclined to advise Hayward and others to let bolting horses bolt. But probably he was merely unfortunate in his choice of horse.

A lady writes to us from Sheffield requesting us to "snub these empty, inhuman Society women," one of whom has a "brute of a son," who broke the heart of the daughter of our correspondent, though the young lady is "one of the most cultured, beautiful and refined girls in England." Our correspondent wants us to quote Milton at them, and assures us that they are "most godless people." Oh! dear, oh! dear.

Here is a perplexing advertisement from the *Daily Graphic*:—

Only For Ladies' Ears.—Send Postal Order to——

Is this an announcement of ear-rings or of some information unfit for the modest mind of a mere male? In the latter case we should like to know what precautions have been taken to safeguard the ugly sex against contamination. And, in any case, it is all very well to say "send postal order," but not knowing whether to pull out a sixpence or a guinea, we have prudently abstained from gratifying our curiosity.

Has "Commissioner" A. M. Nicol resigned from the Salvation Army, and, if so, why?

PERSONALITIES.—III.

Said an actor, "I just love to hollar,
In picturesque costume and collar,
In limelight galore,
With swordfights and gore,
I'll —— waller, and waller, and waller."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For depicting a little girl of about TWO *welcoming home her father, "who has been absent for* 19 YEARS *on foreign service,"*

THE SCOTTISH WEEKLY RECORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Sir Wm. Chaytor was narrowly rescued from being burnt to death by his second brother,"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving a report about the kidnapping of a boy "from the custody of his MAIDEN *aunt,* MRS. *Mary Ryan,"*

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For throughout the tables showing the "Occupations of MALES*" giving the following classification: "Monks,* NUNS, *Scripture Readers, Church, Cemetery Officers, &c.,"*

THE COMPILERS OF THE CENSUS OF 1901
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the account of a wedding that "the mother of the bridegroom was attired in a costume of navy blue," and that "owing to the illness of the bridegroom's mother, the bridegroom's parents were unable to be present,"

THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For reporting that "*TO-DAY *the Harrogate Pensions Committee have had a busy* WEEK *or two,"*

THE HARROGATE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "all the Christmas visitors are leaving the hotels as it is impossible to get out of doors."

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Boksburg Claims are between the East Rand and the Apex; and the results of boring give some assays of gold as high as 27 CWT. PER TON, *very high for the Rand,"*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Scylla is "a very different spot to the woman monster described in Mythology,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "Two full bottles of port wine were found in Police Court on Thursday with drunkenness, and he has not satisfied the police as to how he became possessed of them. The police, therefore, are seeking the rightful owner,"

THE BRISTOL EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "the choir sang 'Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us,' as Sir John Fisher lead his daughter up the aisle,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For palming off horns from the head of an ordinary beast imported into England to provide meat for the people, as horns from the head of an extremely rare South African animal "which was getting INDISTINCT,"

MESSRS. EDWARD HARRIS AND NATHANIEL NATHAN, OF THE OLD BAILEY,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Charles' one recreation is hunting, and he knows of no sport or pastime more health-giving or exhilarating than hustling the cubs and a gallop over the crisp Charnwood Hills after dawn in the early autumn morning or pursuing pug in real earnest in the regular hunting season along the Midland pasturages with the music of the Quorn Pack at his heels and a scent as tenacious as a Zenobia perfume,"

THE BRITISH & COLONIAL DRUGGIST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

BIRMINGHAM AND LIVERPOOL.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

It suddenly occurred to me the other day that, while Asia and Africa were familiar to me from the Ganges to Timbuctoo, and that scarcely a single village on the continent of Europe remained unhonoured by my fairy footfall, my own delectable island had been woefully neglected. So I ransacked my memory for the town with the worst reputation, and immediately entrained for Birmingham.

Black Brum.

The first appearance was quite as black as I had painted it. Ugly black buildings flanked muddy dismal streets, where an incessant procession of enormous electric trams went on unceasingly. Never in my life, not in the wildest dreams of my most vivid imagination, have I conceived the possibility of such a plague of trams. They followed one another so fast that they almost formed a continuous train, and they all seemed to be going to the same place, which never happened to be the place I wanted. Some poet or other was once bold enough to assert that Hell is a place much like London. I feel sure that he would not have made this assertion if he had ever been to Birmingham. When you come to think of it, there can be no doubt that Hell will be very full of trams. Nor can I imagine any more congenial occupation for the Devil than to act as a tramway conductor and mislead people about their destination.

Brummagers.

To my enormous surprise, I found everybody in this ghastly town most exquisitely polite. Not only did they make way in the street, but they were affable and friendly when I annoyed them with questions. On the other hand, I cannot compliment them upon their cheerfulness, and this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at in view of the depression of their environment. Their chief occupation on a Saturday night appeared to be strolling up and down New Street and Corporation Street without the trace of a smile on their ugly faces. As I have mentioned their politeness, I suppose I am entitled to mention their lack of beauty, particularly as it serves to illustrate a doctrine of natural science. We all know that chameleons and stick-insects and other creatures adapt themselves to their surroundings, chiefly, it is thought, to avoid persecution. In a similar spirit the dwellers in this ugly city have adopted ugliness for some mysterious defensive purpose. What that can be, I have not the ghost of an idea. Certainly no one would want to devour them. The women were even uglier than the men.

Their Diversions.

Tiring of perambulation, I followed a crowd into what I suppose would be called a place of amusement. It was a huge music-hall, packed with seething humanity right up to the roof. The songs and sketches were the most inept I have ever beheld, but were greeted with extravagant applause. On Sunday evening I went to a theatre where a magic lantern lecture was in progress. Again there was an enormous crowd, scarcely room for a mouse in any part of the building. This puzzled me, for I had no idea that anything so old-fashioned as a magic lantern would be likely to appeal tremendously to the inhabitants of a city which prides itself upon being up-to-date. However, I soon unravelled the mystery. It was a case of this or nothing—at any rate, of this or church. It was a good lecture, something about the Balkans, I believe, and the Brummagers showed intelligent appreciation, breaking out into round after round of applause. But the chief reason why I mention this lecture is that it illustrates the strange mental attitude of the Brummagers and their astuteness in humbugging themselves. No doubt they would, in the ordinary way, have thought it very naughty to spend Sunday evening in looking at magic lantern slides and listening to stories about brigands and drunken archimandrites. But they got over that difficulty very ingeniously. They began their proceedings with an hymn!!! It was a colourless, undenominational sort of hymn, with nothing doctrinal or argumentative about it, nothing much more religious than an ordinary poem. Still, it was an hymn, and, to the Brummagem mind, this sufficed to turn the lantern lecture almost into a spiritual exercise.

Hotels.

Not knowing Birmingham, I chose an inn at random out of the time-table. I thought my cabman looked surprised when I gave its name. No wonder, for it proved to be little better than a pot-house. A barmaid showed me to a large musty bedroom, and promised me the use of "the old man's" sitting-room, wherein to write my masterpieces on the morrow. So I ordered a fire, and went out to see a man about a dog. When I returned, there was no fire, and I noticed that there was not even electric light. So I cleared out at once, and patronised one of the station-hotels, which was tolerable but not luxurious.

Prandial Oratory.

At dinner next day a curious thing happened. There was a long table near mine, and some eighteen or twenty males sat down to meat. From the stolid, vacant expression of their faces, I imagined they must be footballers, and I amused myself by observing their futile attempts at conversation. Their best efforts seemed to be restricted to curt ejaculations followed by cackling laughter. Their meal had not proceeded very far when a cadaverous individual rose at the end of the table and proceeded to deliver an harangue. Now, I have seen many exhibitions of cheek in the course of a misspent life, but I must say I never heard of speechifying in a coffee-room in the presence of travellers. I therefore propose to give the oration in extenso:—"Gentlemen,—Er, I daresay some of you like a drop of something with your grub. I know some of you are partial to milk and soda. Others like gin and ginger-beer. For myself—er—I—er—prefer not to say. (Loud laughter.) Well, gentlemen, what I wish to say is—er—this: In the matter of drinks you are to please yourselves." (Cheers.) Then the gifted orator proceeded to crack a bottle of champagne.

Liverpool.

Liverpool has a very different aspect. The buildings are noble, the streets are wide and clean, there are beautiful statues, including one of Disraeli, which I much admired. At Birmingham, on the other hand, the public effigies were the most grotesque I have ever seen, representing usually some freakish old man with a face like a gargoyle and ill-fitting clothes, evidently of local manufacture.

My only criticism of the Liverpudlians is that they are, perhaps, somewhat too prone to be proud. Well, after all, they have certainly something to be proud about.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXXII.

Sir,—I notice you take an interest in your readers' troubles, so I am going to tell you some of mine. I am a window-cleaner, a cripple, married, with a little girl nearly 3 years old. My wages amount to 12s. on an average a week; out of that I pay 4s. 6d. rent, the rest we *live* on. I must tell you I work for myself. I have earned 1s. 8½d. up to to-night. Raining yesterday—I earned 3d. Went out this morning to earn 2s. 7d., and I earned 1s. 5½d.; sixpence of this is for a pair of boots I had given me, which I sold. Two customers at 6d. put me off till next week, one customer at 5d. moving, and another at 1½d. till next week. So all together I lost 1s. 7d. That's what I have to put up with, and I must not say anything, for they would soon tell me not to call any more.

I am not writing this in a grumbling spirit, but only to show you how thoughtless they are. You see, they want their windows clean for Christmas, but I have got to live, and keep a wife and little one on 1s. 5½d.! I wonder whether they could do it? My wife goes to a servant friend of hers on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and she gets the pieces; oftentimes those pieces have been all we had to live on, especially when it has been wet, and I have not been able to go out. This is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Robert Juchan.

213, Tewkesbury Road, Woodberry, Tottenham,

Referring further to the Human Document No. XXIX., we are glad to say that our appeal to our readers has resulted in "Chartered Secretary" being offered a post, which he has accepted. We wish him well.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page iii of cover.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS.—II.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

Mr. VIVIAN.—May I take it that you are correctly described as "of no occupation"?

WITNESS.—I am one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I did not ask you that. Answer my question to the best of your ability.

WITNESS.—Happy is the country which has no history. Still happier, I imagine, the Foreign Secretary who has no occupation.

Mr. VIVIAN.—If you have no occupation, have you any politics?

WITNESS.—I am a member of a Liberal Government.

Mr. VIVIAN.—And therefore a Liberal?

WITNESS.—That does not necessarily follow.

Mr. VIVIAN.—But are you a Liberal?

WITNESS.—I should prefer to call myself a Whig.

Mr. VIVIAN.—That is what Dr. Johnson called "one of the unhappy terms of disunion"?

WITNESS.—I daresay. But a Whig was then regarded very much as a Radical is now.

Mr. VIVIAN.—In fact, a Whig is now almost a term to denote a member of the Unionist party.

WITNESS.—I do not agree.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I said "almost."

WITNESS.—Yes, I heard you say so. What of that?

Mr. VIVIAN.—Come, come, you must not trifle with the Court. Try to control yourself. Do you, or do you not admit that a modern Whig and a modern Tory are, for all practical purposes, identical?

WITNESS.—No.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Now I want to know if you are a believer in the doctrine of the continuity of foreign policy?

WITNESS.—Most emphatically, yes.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I did not ask for your emphasis. But now you may tell me what distinction you discern between a Whig and a Tory Minister for Foreign Affairs?

WITNESS.—Frankly, none.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I hope you always speak frankly when you are on your oath. If so, why particularise your frankness on this occasion? May I take it that you are only concerned with foreign affairs?

WITNESS.—Principally.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I suggest: only.

WITNESS.—No, I still say: principally.

Mr. VIVIAN.—You are very obstinate. Can you point to a single occasion on which you have struck out a definite line for yourself on any question apart from foreign affairs?

WITNESS.—No.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Then will you adopt my word—"only"?

WITNESS.—If you like.

Mr. VIVIAN.—In fact, you are a second Rosebery. No, I mustn't insult you. Let us say a second Lansdowne, though that is not very polite. Now, I am going to take you through your foreign policy. I suppose you claim credit for your success?

WITNESS.—Yes, some credit.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Not all the credit?

WITNESS.—Well, most of it.

Mr. VIVIAN.—You leave just a little for His Majesty the King?

WITNESS.—Certainly, a great deal.

Mr. VIVIAN.—And some to Sir Charles Hardinge?

WITNESS.—By all means.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Now, as to your own credit. You regard the results as satisfactory?

WITNESS.—Undoubtedly.

Mr. VIVIAN.—In the East of Europe?

WITNESS.—Perhaps most of all.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Very well, let us take Servia in the first instance. The late Government broke off diplomatic relations, did it not? You renewed them?

WITNESS.—Yes, on the understanding that regicides should be removed from important positions.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Why only from important positions?

WITNESS.—We have no right to interfere with the internal affairs of a foreign country. All we can do is to lay down a general principle and insist that our representative shall not be brought into contact with criminals.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Do you venture to swear that the British Minister at Belgrade has not been brought into contact with murderers and mutilators?

WITNESS.—He has been instructed to avoid them.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I did not ask you that. Do you swear that he has not come into contact with them?

WITNESS.—That I cannot say of my own knowledge. He was certainly instructed to avoid them.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Yes, but did you take any steps to ensure the carrying out of your instructions?

WITNESS.—A Government only lays down general rules and leaves details to its subordinates.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Without caring whether those details are duly executed?

WITNESS.—I do not say that.

Mr. VIVIAN.—But I do. You cannot pretend to tell me that the spirit of the undertaking about the regicides was observed.

WITNESS.—I admit that there may have been a misunderstanding about the details of the settlement.

Mr. VIVIAN.—A misunderstanding?

WITNESS.—Well, I will even admit that there was some trickery. But in view of future developments, it was well for us to come to terms with Servia. If we had maintained our attitude of hostility, we could never have brought about the regeneration of Turkey.

Mr. VIVIAN.—The crowning triumph of your policy?

WITNESS.—Undoubtedly a triumph.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Even now that Turkey has lost two fair provinces, has had to relinquish her suzerainty over a vassal, is in danger of being bereft of Crete?

WITNESS.—Yes, for Turkey has gained on the whole.

Mr. VIVIAN.—And would not have gained without your intervention.

WITNESS.—I do not say that.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I take your answer. Now let us look at Morocco. What have you done to safeguard British interests in that Empire during the recent perturbation?

WITNESS.—My best.

Mr. VIVIAN.—You are certainly an optimist. Have you taken any steps to safeguard British interests in Morocco?

WITNESS.—I am always safeguarding British interests.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Oh, are you? Well, I will ask you this: Is there an official representative of Great Britain at the Court of the Sultan of Morocco?

WITNESS.—Well, no, not at present.

Mr. VIVIAN.—You may remember that you were asked by Mr. Bottomley in the House of Commons why there was no British representative at Cetinje?

WITNESS.—Yes, I pointed out that there was not then sufficient work for a regular British Minister. But I have appointed one since.

Mr. VIVIAN.—And you admitted at the time that you had no information about notorious events in Montenegro. Have you any source of news about current events in Morocco?

WITNESS.—Yes.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Be careful. Any news outside what you read in the daily papers?

WITNESS.—Yes, I have private information from time to time.

Mr. VIVIAN.—But not even a Consul. Are you aware that France and Germany are represented at Fez by very clever men?

WITNESS.—That is a matter of opinion.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Well, are you aware that those countries are represented?

WITNESS.—I hear you say so.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Do not state obvious facts in the hope of cloaking your delinquency. You may take it from me that our rivals are well represented at the Sultan's Court. Have you any excuse to offer for the fact that we are not represented?

WITNESS.—If I considered it necessary, I should send someone.

Mr. VIVIAN.—I daresay you would. May I ask if you keep in touch with any Britons at the Sultan's Court?

WITNESS.—No.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Have you taken any steps to protect His Majesty from the inevitable concession-mongers?

WITNESS.—No.

Mr. VIVIAN.—Are you aware of anything about foreign affairs? You need not answer. Stand down.

OUR ADMIRALS.—I.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

BY VEDETTE.

"Charlie" is much more than a mere Admiral. He is a national asset. And no one is more aware of it than he is himself. That the Navy could possibly exist without him is preposterous to his way of thinking, and, it must be confessed, those in authority have done a great deal to encourage him in this belief.

For some years past Beresford has been allowed a latitude that, it is safe to say, has never been granted to any other Admiral of the British Navy in modern times. But all who know "Charles" best are quite aware that there is no real strain of egotism in his nature. Away from the quarter-deck of his flagship he is the most modest and unassuming of men. Once aboard, however, he is a most uncompromising martinet.

Why he is allowed to enjoy this freedom from repression or control by those who are, nominally at all events, his superior officers is a matter that is not very difficult to explain. For twenty years and more he has been the "stormy petrel" of the Navy, and this is a position he proposes to retain as long as he lives. Since the days of Alexandria and "Well done, *Condor*," Beresford has been almost a national idol, and he is perfectly well aware that every word he says concerning the fleet and our naval position generally will be accepted as gospel by that over-quoted individual, "the man in the street."

The number of occasions upon which Lord Charles Beresford has threatened to throw up his command and re-enter the House of Commons are almost impossible to count. And neither political party is anxious to see the white-haired, dapper little sea-dog in the House once more. Beresford has an awkward knack of asking questions anent the fleet and its condition that politicians of all shades of opinion would much rather were discreetly avoided. And he asks all these questions with a half-concealed air of mystery, as though to say, "I could make your flesh creep if I told you all I know respecting official mismanagement and blundering," that sends a feeling of grave unrest through the country that might easily bring about the fall of a Government. Hence politicians are content that he should remain at sea.

When the long-standing quarrel between Beresford and his second in command of the Channel Fleet, Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, came to a climax last year over the since famous "signal incident," the first impulse of the authorities was to apportion the blame more to Beresford than to Scott. "Very well," retorted Beresford in effect, "censure me and I will throw up my command and re-enter Parliament to give the Government the time of its life over the Navy." The veiled threat was quite sufficient. His attitude in the matter was officially endorsed, and Scott was sent off on a cruise to South Africa in order to separate the sadly warring elements.

No one can doubt Beresford's popularity with most of those who serve under him. As has been said, he is a strict martinet, and does not allow anyone to play tricks with him, but for all that his men believe in him. The reason for this was once given by himself. "My officers and men have not been with me very long," he said, "before they realise that I never give an order I would not carry out myself, or send a subordinate where I would not go if the necessity arose." There is no doubt, either, that he studies the comfort of his men to an extent that is not always done by certain of his brother Admirals at the present day. It is mainly owing to his exertions that the rank and file of the Navy possess a good many of the privileges they enjoy to-day.

His officers like him just as much as his men, and his flagship is usually quite one happy family. Though keen to a degree upon matters of discipline, he can, when he likes, unbend very considerably, and he enters more fully into what may be termed the social life of the fleet than almost any other Admiral on the Active List. An officer who once served under him summed up this side of his character very tersely a few years ago. "Beresford may have his faults, but he is the only 'human Admiral' under whom I have ever served."

Lord Charles Beresford has one amiable little weakness. It is the desire of his life to be taken for a dreadfully sarcastic individual. As a matter of fact, real sarcasm is a thing that is quite foreign to his bluff, hearty, good-humoured nature, but it pleases him to affect otherwise. A short time ago he was most amusingly taken aback while trying to exercise this supposed quality. He was standing on the fore-bridge of his flagship, and a young midshipman from one of the other vessels of the fleet was manœuvring to bring a steam pinnace alongside. Twice he bumped into the flagship rather heavily. "If you will stand off for a few moments I will come down and help you to get alongside before you knock *all* our paint off," remarked the Admiral with what was meant to be cutting satire. "That is all right, sir: don't bother. We shall not do any damage, thanks all the same," replied the middy in all innocence, while the officers of the flagship who heard the exchange of compliments tried hard to hide their amusement.

Lately Beresford has taken to keeping his prize bull-dogs aboard his flagship, where they have specially constructed kennels. Some puppies came along a short time ago, and he presented one each to several other vessels of the fleet, much to the gratification of the crews, since "Jack" dearly loves a dog. A civilian friend of Beresford's visited him on board one day, and was shown these dogs, of which the Admiral is very proud, and justifiably so, since they are magnificent animals. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed the visitor, "dogs on a warship. Whatever next?" "Well," answered Beresford, without moving a muscle of his face, "I did think of setting up a poultry farm on the main deck. I should like, of course, to have a couple of cows, but I doubt whether the authorities would agree to that. I might manage to get a few pigs, however." The civilian implicitly believed all this, and retold the incident on shore at dinner that night as showing the remarkable manner in which the British fleet amused itself in time of peace. It was only when a roar of laughter went up from his hearers that this unsophisticated individual realised that "Charlie" had been engaged in the gentle pastime of "pulling his leg."

The question is often asked, what kind of a leader would Beresford make in time of war? This is a very difficult enquiry to answer. Certain it is that he does not possess the magnificent strategy and intuitive knowledge of "what the other fellow is going to do" that distinguishes Sir Arthur Wilson and makes him stand out pre-eminent among living sailors of the world, while Beresford has not got the all-round fighting ability that is possessed by Sir John Fisher. It would, however, go very hard with any opposing fleet that came within Beresford's grip. He has a breezy, daring, almost reckless, method of fighting that, in the case of the "real thing," would appeal very strongly to the "man in the street."

The virtue attaching to the delivery of the first blow has no warmer supporter than Lord Charles Beresford. And the more fighting he could get during a war the better he would be pleased. Beresford is not an Irishman for nothing, and he dearly loves a "shindy." Once he had his enemy in sight there would be no time lost in intricate manœuvres. Away would go Beresford's fleet at top-speed, cleared for action, with the flagship at its head, and the Admiral in his conning tower itching to get in the first effective shot of the battle. And so long as one of his ships remained above water and able to fire a gun, so long would he fight, despite the odds against him. That is the sort of leader Beresford would make.

When the "North Sea incident" occurred a few years ago, when the late Russian Admiral with the unpronounceable name sunk inoffensive fishing boats in an absent-minded moment, Beresford was in command of the Mediterranean fleet, and he made the most effective contribution of anyone to the hullabaloo that was at once raised. So soon as the news reached him, he hurriedly filled up his ships with coal and ammunition, deliberately cut himself adrift from communication with the shore, and proceeded with his fleet to the Bay of Biscay. There he carefully placed himself right across the track along which he knew the Russian vessels must come, cleared his ships for action, and filled in the interval exercising his men at heavy gun practice, "just to make sure," as he grimly put it.

It was only after considerable difficulty that the authorities managed to reach him and give him the most imperative orders not to interfere with the Russian fleet in any way. Beresford's comment as he signalled to his ships to resume their wonted peace appearance and to prepare to return to Malta was short but undeniably expressive. It commenced with a "D."

"THAT AIRSHIP FACTORY."

We have received the following from a well-informed correspondent in reply to the letter which we recently published under the above heading :—

Whilst inadequately trying to explain the ambiguous and doubtless unsatisfactory position of Mr. S. F. Cody at the Army Balloon Factory, your correspondent falls into various errors and misstatements. Firstly, let me say that I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Cody personally, and that I have the warmest admiration for his abilities. Now to treat some of the remarks by your Durham correspondent seriatim. He says :—"Colonel Cody is really the only aeronaut who has made a lifelong study of air navigation at present at the airship depot, and yet to the meanest capacity it is evident that he is deliberately kept in the background."

Mr. Cody certainly was not an aeronaut—in the general sense—and was employed by the British Government as a kite expert only, in which respect I do not think he has a living equal. Balloons and airships were not in his line at all, and what he knows of them has probably been mostly learnt during his time at Farnborough.

The balloon factory is a department of our Army; it is commanded by a colonel of the Royal Engineers, with other officers under him. How could Mr. Cody, as an American citizen, be given any executive post of authority in such a place? I quite recognise that beyond his original sphere of instructor in kiting, he has done his best to aid the authorities in airship and aeroplane work, in which latter branch he has designed a machine which is always rightly spoken of as "Cody's Aeroplane." I cordially sympathise with him in the ambiguity of his position, but, if he receives credit for what he accomplishes, and a fitting pecuniary recompense for his time and work, nobody can be blamed for the fact that he cannot obtain the position, title, or authority of an officer in the British Army.

Your correspondent then says :—"The gas-bag of the Nulli Secundus was made five years previous to the airship itself, and was considered by Colonel Cody as entirely unsuitable for his invention and requirements." This is a flagrant mis-statement which I cannot believe was ever uttered by Mr. Cody, and also a gross injustice. He had nothing whatever to do with the original idea or design of this airship, which was entirely the work of Colonel J. B. Templer, who designed and commenced the construction of her gas-bag, rigging *and engine* five years before Mr. Cody appeared on the scene at all.

With regard to the gas-bag being unsuitable, I again acquit Mr. Cody of responsibility for such a suggestion, for, whatever else may have failed, there can be no disputing the fact that this skin gas-bag was absolutely perfect as a hydrogen-tight envelope, fulfilling all requirements, and is still in capital condition, having been used again last season when the airship made her second appearance somewhat reconstructed in the style of her rig.

Your correspondent eulogises Colonel Capper and Mr. Cody for making a trip to London "in this conglomeration of notions and ideas"! If it is right to so define the Nulli Secundus, then surely it is these two gentlemen who were mainly responsible for her being a "conglomeration."

I should here like to point out with emphasis that Colonel Templer, late Superintendent of the Balloon Factory, devoted some thirty-four years of his life continuously to the service of his country in the balloon department, and that he is known to aeronauts all over the world as one of the most experienced of them all, a fact which is less recognised in this country than abroad from the following causes :—

1. England's general lack of interest in aeronautics.
2. The modesty and reticence of Colonel Templer himself.
3. His claims for recognition never having been voiced in Parliament, and the omission of the War Office to acknowledge his whole-hearted devotion and labours.

Reverting once more to your correspondent's remarks, he goes on to mention the aeroplane, or "power-kite," as Mr. Cody calls the heavier-than-air machine with which he is experimenting at Farnborough. He states that the engine Mr. Cody ordered from France for his aeroplane was not used thereon, but placed in the one which was designed, and tried last year in Scotland, by an officer of the Royal Engineers.

As, for some unknown reason, the authorities have desired to keep this latter machine and its trials a dead secret, I shall not refer to it further, but I would remark that Mr. Cody has had the use of a similar motor on his aeroplane, and I have every reason to believe that after practice and experiment he will succeed in flying possibly as well as Wright or Farman, and I sincerely hope even better. I see no reason, however, for the spiteful remarks made by your correspondent about the Army aeroplane tried in Scotland, or the superfluous allusion to the hard-working and zealous young officer who designed it as "a man with no practical experience of aeronautics, whose sole knowledge was derived from the drawing of plans and diagrams."

"BEHIND THE WALLS OF A PRIVATE ASYLUM."

We have received a letter, referring to Dr. Forbes Winslow's article under this heading in our issue of January 9th, from the Secretary of one of the largest private asylums in the country. He writes :—

In my long experience as an official in an important private asylum, I know of only one medical man being refused access to this and other similar institutions, public or private, and for obvious reasons I am not mentioning his name.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, having been formerly proprietor of two private asylums, must know that under Section 47 of the present Lunacy Act, the Commissioners, if they think proper, can give authority for a patient to be visited in any asylum or hospital for the insane, without having regard to the wishes of the medical superintendent or relatives, so that your correspondent has his remedy at hand.

It is true that under Section 47 of the Lunacy Act, 1890, the Commissioners may give permission to visit without having regard to the wishes of the relatives. But whilst they have this power they do not exercise it. Not only do they refuse permission when the relatives object, they are very frank about the matter, and give that as the reason for their refusal. Now it must be quite obvious that it is about as bad a reason as can well be imagined. In nine cases out of ten where there is improper detention in an asylum it is due to relatives—persons interested for one reason or another in the detention of the alleged lunatic. Obviously these people do not want independent enquiry. It is their object to stifle it, and it is incomprehensible to us that the Commissioners in Lunacy should not appreciate this, and view the opposition of relatives to the visits of independent friends with the utmost distrust.

ANOTHER TERRITORIAL GROWL.

We commend the following complaint to Mr. Haldane's attention :—

"As members of the new Territorial Force, we beg leave to call your attention to another instance of the way in which the said force is being equipped (we don't think). Our particular branch is the Welsh Division Telegraph Company, which comes directly under the control of the Western Command. In this command, which stretches from Cumberland to Cornwall, and includes the whole of the Western Counties and Wales, there are three such companies—one in the North, one at Bristol, and ourselves.

"After being enrolled in May, we received by August one suit of khaki Service dress. The week before the company proceeded to camp, we were served out with very old and very moth-eaten overcoats (which we were afraid to wear) and very dirty belts and other accoutrements. We had no rifles or side arms and we are still without them, having to borrow for drill purposes rifles belonging to the Glamorgan Engineers. In the camp the only munition of war was a B.S.A. air-gun, the property of the cook, the sentries being armed (*sic*) with large props saved from the fire pile. Since returning we have at last hailed with joy the arrival of our instructor in the art of field telegraph line laying. This would be quite satisfactory if he had been accompanied by some equipment, but No! No!! No!!! We have now been informed from a source which you will see from the enclosed to be eminently satisfactory, that one cable cart is to be supplied for the use of the whole command. How, may we ask, can we hope ever to become efficient under these circumstances? Will each company be possessed of a wheel, and what is to be done with the one over? Will the hammers be in the North, the cable drums at Cardiff, and the poles at Bristol? Does it not seem mean and ungenerous to thus treat men who cheerfully give their time to training with the Auxiliary troops?

"If Mr. Haldane wishes to make an efficient force, could he not at least see that a whole cart be supplied to each company?—we could do with two. Up to date we are getting fed up and sick of the whole scheme and system. Thanking you in anticipation, yours very faithfully, "Two Bow-wows."

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

After the end of the present month, this scheme will be entirely reorganised. Numbers will be drawn weekly in respect of the previous week's issue, and, instead of having to undertake canvassing, the holders of the drawn numbers will be asked to assist us in another, and novel, manner—involving no encroachment upon their spare time or present occupation.

TEETOTALISM.

BY A. HUNTER.

Since a certain Party presented—like that bird beloved of sportsmen, the snipe—a big Bill to the countryside there has been a considerable amount of blarney abroad concerning the head-piece of this erudite composition now before the unfortunate reader.

Teetotalism is, we are told, a power in the land. A good many politicians have quite a respect for it, looking at it from a political or vote-catching point of view, and even the moderate drinker refers to it as a growing evil.

There is a vague idea abroad in the public mind that teetotalism is connected in some manner with temperance, but this is a delusion, as the man said when they gave him hop ale for Bass. The true-hearted teetotaler is more bitterly opposed to the temperance or moderate man than he is to the veriest saturated drunkard that ever sucked at a whisky bottle. To the latter, he displays a tender, not to say fatherly interest. This is as it should be, for the two are akin, both being extremists of the first gin-and-water.

As a matter of fact the teetotaler literally refuses to recognise the moderate drinker, for according to his tenets there is no such being. For, says he in his wisdom, every drunkard was once a moderate drinker; *ergo*, every moderate drinker will some day wake up and find himself notorious—as a drunkard. Therefore, every moderate drinker is a drunkard in embryo—Q.E.D.

The chief reason why one should embrace teetotalism, according to the tracts they flood the countryside with, is the great wealth accruing thereby to the hardy individual who braves its terrors. More than once has the present scribe got hold of one of these publications and been appalled when on reckoning the number of years that have seen him steadily engaged in laying low a healthy young thirst, he has been confronted with the figures representative of what the effort has cost him. Yet he has never saved up enough resolution to save money in this fashion but once, and that was when the brilliant idea struck him full in the forehead: Why not keep one public-house instead of helping to support several? So he became one of the most bigoted of teetotalers that one could wish not to meet—for a time. The time-limit in this case was three days, at the end of which period a brace of ill-advised though succulent kippers for tea put a full stop to the sentence his good intentions had passed on his morbid craving for the medicinal waters of Burton-on-Trent. Such is the weakness of human nature and the strength of a Hackenschmidt (or should I say Zybsco?) thirst. And so the golden vision of the palatial hotel, with its flashing lights and mirrors, its smiling Hebes and embossed glass swing-doors, was dispelled, like so many other golden visions, alas! for ever, and he descended once more into the ruck of commonplace beings who, on meeting a long lost friend, enquire, as a prelude to the conversation, after the state of that individual's thirst instead of his health.

One serious word to wind up this moral essay. If the teetotalers' dream of Utopia were realised, and all the public-houses in the land not only closed, but what is another and entirely different thing, the use of alcohol in any form effectually prevented, cocaine, morphine, ether, opium or other narcotics would be pressed into public service as a substitute. In a word, we should become a nation of drug-takers as well as shopkeepers. So great—rightly or wrongly—is the need felt in these nerve-wearing times for the waters of Lethe. And with regard to this consummation, surely one may say:—

> "Better that we awhile had borne
> E'en all those ills that most displease
> Than sought a cure far worse than the disease."

So hooray! for temperance—the genuine sort. Plank down your pennies and support the revenue of your country like a Briton and a man. But if you must be a total abstainer, don't, my dear good fellow, go about the country calling yourself names you've no title to; jingling in your pockets the money you have saved, and wanting your fellow-man to dodge his share of the taxes likewise.

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THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL.

With reference to the letter from the Rev. Lionel S. Lewis, of St. Mark's Vicarage, Whitechapel, that appeared in our last issue under this heading, we understand there is to be a meeting of the General Purposes Committee of the Hospital Sunday Fund to hear what Mr. Lewis has to say as to the claims of the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital. We can only hope that the invitation to Mr. Lewis may be taken to mean that the General Purposes Committee are disposed to reconsider their recent action, and will listen to Mr. Lewis with an open mind. If they do so we cannot doubt they will admit that they have made a mistake, and rectify it in the only satisfactory way possible. In this connection it is worth noting that while the Hospital Sunday Fund decreased by £2,547 last year, the the Hospital Saturday Fund, which gives a grant to the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital, increased by almost the same amount, namely, £2,641.

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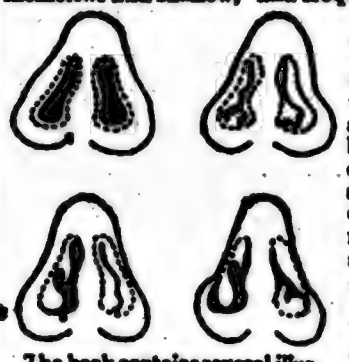
TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE CATARRH AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

No Sprays—No Operations—No Cauterising—Cures During Sleep.

A book has just been published which tells of the joint discovery by a Doctor and his Patient of a remarkable cure for catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties—remarkable because it calls for no sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful electrical cauterising of the inflamed mucous membrane. The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep.

Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can*.

As a result of this extra duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught," because of cold air striking direct on the lungs. The nasal air-passages—by disuse—become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypus, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon. The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth. The hearing sometimes becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry.



The book contains several illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are affected in catarrh, adenoids and nose-breathing difficulties.

The layman discoverer of the cure, being a singer, discovered that *the nose could be* temporarily freed by just lifting the outer edges of the nostrils. (*Try this and see how it "unstops" the most stopped-up nose.*)

Upon this first-step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure the details of which are given fully illustrated in a book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp. *And it is this greatly increased influx of fresh air that is so powerful to cure catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties.*

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter, and the nose is freed for nasal breathing. The brain, eyes and ears also feel clear, and the mouth and throat clean and sweet.

It is the special desire of the discoverers of the cure that all who have catarrh should accept their present offer of a gratis copy of the book, "Respiratory Re-Education as the Physiological Cure for Catarrh, Adenoids, and Nose Breathing Difficulty." Send penny stamp for its postage to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 37, Rhyeol Building, 180, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"**Rutland Barrington.**" by Himself (Richards, 7s. 6d. net), is the autobiography of an actor, and I have no doubt that its publication will afford considerable pleasure to Himself. We have pictures of him at the age of seven, as a policeman, a parson, a king, a rajah, and so forth. The greater part of the book is a mere catalogue, or diary, of the various plays in which the hero performed. But every now and then we come upon material for mild amusement:—

> I was once at a ball where a lady to whom I had just been presented said, "Oh, Mr. Barrington, my daughter has fallen madly in love with you. May I introduce you?" I murmured an embarrassed "Certainly," and she turned to a very pretty girl who was standing near, saying, "Marjorie, this is Mr. Rutland Barrington." The girl's face lit up with excitement and pleasure; she took a good look at me, and turned away with a long and disappointed "Oh!" That mother knew something.

I should imagine the pictures in this book might easily have the same effect.

"**Seven Splendid Sinners,**" by W R. H. Trowbridge (Unwin: 15s. net), is a poor piece of book-making couched in typical journalese. This is the kind of things:—

> *Petits soupers* in the *petits apartements!* What scenes of revelry and debauchery! What an unmasking of that "vice which lost half its evil by losing all its grossness"! And what cabals and intrigues, in which the fate of a minister, a mistress, and Europe were involved!
>
> There is something Maeterlinckian about that Court of Hanover of George's. And the people, how strange they seem—grotesque, Maeterlinckian people. They are like corporeal passions rather than human beings. Conceive them, if you can.

And we actually have the old, time-worn blunder of stating that something was anathema maranatha. The author has chosen seven loose ladies at random, and dished up a variety of anecdotes which he has found in well-known memoirs. Published at a popular price, the book might well appeal to those who have neither the time nor the education to read the originals. In its present form it is not likely to command a large circle of readers. The illustrations are for the most part crude and unconvincing.

"**Wanderings in Piccadilly, Mayfair, and Pall Mall,**" by E. Beresford Chancellor (Rivers: 2s. 6d. net), contains some pleasant gossip of no great novelty, and some delightful coloured engravings admirably reproduced. It is almost worth purchasing for the sake of the pictures.

"**The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia,**" by James Locke (Unwin: 6s.), is quite exciting, though not very probable. The scene is laid at Constantinople and in the Bulgaria of Prince Ferdinand, where the usual plots occur with breathless rapidity. The author is evidently an American, but he might have taken the trouble to ascertain that a correspondent of the *Times* does not telegraph from Tiflis about "the forthcoming Fall manœuvres." Nor do I understand how one of the characters "cried almost aloud." The crimson dahlia is dragged in quite unnecessarily, but the story will give pleasure to unsophisticated readers, and there is quite a good description of scenes on the bridge of Galata.

"**The Clutch of Circumstance,**" by Dorothy Senior (Black: 6s.), deals with a period too remote for the modern taste, and is written in tortured, pompous language which bored me to the verge of tears. Life is too short for such books as this, much as it might have appealed to our grandmothers.

"**Poems from Punch**" (Harrap: 5s. net) proves that once upon a time *Punch* published some comparatively clever verse, though humour was not much more conspicuous then than in its pages to-day. This resurrection-pie is heralded by an introduction by Sir F. C. Burnand, who, very properly, points out that the authorship of the doggerel could be of no value or interest to the general public; but he goes out of his way to indicate that some specially foolish lines are his own. The amiable humour of *Punch* in 1857 may be gauged by the humanity of the following lines:—

> The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow;
> Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
> But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
> And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.
>
> But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
> Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name,
> "Thy foot shall be dipped in the blood of thy foe,
> And the tongues of thy dogs shall be red through the same."

Rather grim humour, eh?

"**Hill Rise,**" by W. B. Maxwell (Methuen: 6s.), is vivacious and amusing. The character of an ambitious barmaid is skilfully drawn. The book may be summed up as more ingenious than exciting.

An Interesting Book on Health.

SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.

JOHN BULL readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well worth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it.

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells you how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power, its vitality—and when your vitality is up to the standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches, and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, the dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power, and all scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

A postcard or letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the curative powers of electricity will be given you.—[ADVT.]

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

FORBES ROBERTSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

It is very good news that Mr. Forbes Robertson proposes to revive "The Merchant of Venice" and, of course, to play the part of Shylock. Not that Mr. Robertson is likely to score his greatest success in the part of the Jew that Shakespeare drew; Mr. Robertson's Hamlet, the best of all Hamlets, will no doubt remain his greatest achievement in Shakespearean or any other kind of drama. For it is given to few men to do more than one thing perfectly in a single lifetime. But the Robertson Shylock is sure to be extremely interesting; for although a great actor (perhaps our greatest), Mr. Robertson is a singularly modest man, and is unlikely to try and improve on the reading of the author, as certain less capable mummers have attempted to do. When I say this, I do not mean that Mr. Robertson claims to have any special knowledge of the mind of Shakespeare in this matter; and tradition says that at least one early exponent of the *role* played it as broad-low comedy. What I do mean is that Mr. Robertson will follow what seem to be the obvious lines of the development of the character, when the text and the period are considered. There will be no nonsensical idealism intended to placate the more ignorant section of the Semitic stalls; Shylock will be the Jew moneylender of his time, so far as Mr. Robertson can realise the type. This is as it should be.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

Which reminds me that, if we are to have a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare, and this now seems possible, and a leading actor is to be placed at its head, Mr. Robertson is at least as plainly marked out by Providence for this honour as either of the several more pushful persons who are certain to get their names displayed with due prominence when the selection is imminent. There are objections to an actor occupying the post at all, I admit; but there are likely to be still greater objections to a dramatic critic or a mere business manager doing so. An ideal combination for the control of such an organisation, if it could be arranged, would be Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Fortnightly Review*, and Mr. Forbes Robertson. The danger of sheer faddism, under such an executive, would be reduced to a minimum; and it is sheer faddism which will wreck the National Theatre by subscription, just as it would endanger the National Theatre, State-aided in England, if it be not most rigorously guarded against. The gentlemen named would represent sound economical management, scholarly yet practical judgment in plays, and the best English acting added to genuine artistic enthusiasm for the cause of the drama.

WHO WILL GIVE US A THEATRE?

Although I do not think the time is ripe as yet for large State support to the theatre in this country, still less for extensive rate-aid, there is plenty of room for special work that could be done, outside the scope of the ordinary playhouses, by privately-endowed theatres, not only in London, but in dozens of our provincial towns. The late E. H. R. Lyman gave such a home for the drama to the American town of Northampton; and the establishment of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London might suggest to some of our own wealthy men the gift of playhouses which would be really appreciated by their fellow citizens.

SAY WHAT YOU WANT AND——?

A Theatre Organisation Society is being formed, which should constitute a useful nucleus for a big revival of theatrical interest in the country towns. The idea, I understand, is that branches of the society will be formed, with headquarters in Town, and some attempt will be made to meet the tastes and needs of the better class people who are potential rather than actual patrons of the provincial houses by the arrangement of special weeks of old or new comedy, Shakespearean plays, and the like; the companies being booked from headquarters, which will take a commission on each deal. Of course, Mr. F R. Benson (who sends me very attractive particulars of his forthcoming season at the Coronet, Notting Hill, which opens on February 8th, and closes on March 6th) has done something in the way of subscription seasons, but the Theatre Organisation Society looks like going a step further. If only the leading provincial managements would now club together to try a little co-operative producting on their own account, instead of relying entirely for their supplies on London—which cannot possibly send them fifty good shows a year at remunerative terms—the country playhouse might once more put up a good fight against the all-whelming music-hall.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

A London reader sends me some questions about the Guildhall School of Music, and asks me to answer them. Being a child in these matters, I pass certain of the queries on for the perusal of those authorities whom they may concern, assuring these gentlemen of my distinguished consideration and of such space on this page next week as their answers may require. These are some of the questions: "Is the G.S.M. a privately-owned company, paying 37½ per cent.?" "Who holds the bulk of the shares?" "Has the company recently reduced the professors' fees?"

P.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Miss Violet Charlesworth, Lang Syne.

MY DEAR VI,—When this reaches Lang Syne it may be that you will have left for Elsewhere, but no doubt it will be forwarded. Naturally you know all the news, sending out regularly for the evening papers. I do not wish to criticise too severely the manner in which you have gone dead, though truth compels me to say that I think you have either overdone the tragedy or made a woeful muddle of it.

Your furniture and outdoor effects at The Hall, Calne (including your beautiful St. Bernard dog), have been sold under distress for rent, and creditors all over the country are anxious to take tea with you in order to discuss with you when and how they can "touch" you for their accounts. As they are looking for a lady in a red cloak, it goes without saying, my dear, that you are wearing a brown one, or a green or a blue one. By-the-way, how long had you left the neighbourhood when the motor-car accident occurred? This is a point which I shall be obliged if you will clear up, and at the same time, do state when and where I may expect your resurrection, for I wish to arrange a procession to come and meet you.

Sister Lilian and Watts (you will remember Watts. He was the chauffeur who first saw you drop over the cliffs, and then remembered that the last he saw of you was as a huddled heap on the steps of the motor-car) are quite recovered, and have since been in London to consult a solicitor as to whether you are dead or not. The car is also quite well, which you may be surprised to hear, seeing that it knocked down so much of the sea wall. It has come to London likewise. Indeed, everybody and everything in connection with the tragedy are in tip-top good health. I shall expect the fullest particulars when you have time to write, dear girl. You are much missed by us all. Have you decided to go on the Halls when you return? If so, I will arrange for your appearance at £150 a week. Write soon.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Carrie Nation, American Saloon Smasher, Newcastle.

DEAR CARRIE,—I was pretty well convinced that you would presently attract the attention of the police. It has happened that you caused a crowd to assemble in Newcastle the other night, and refused to move on when requested to do so. The police therefore ran you in to the Westgate Road Police Station, where they took your name and address with a view to reporting you for disorderly conduct and creating a disturbance. At the time of writing I do not know what will happen to you, but it is more than probable that you will have a fine time of it—probably ten shillings, or seven days. On choice, I should not advise you to do the seven, the diet being so plain. Better far to assist the revenues of your adopted country. JOHN BULL.

To Willis Bund, Esq., J.P., Chairman County Council, and Chairman Quarter Sessions, Worcestershire.

SIR,—You have attracted to yourself a great deal of attention throughout your county recently by the extraordinary way in which you have lashed about you as a public man. The latest of your outbursts of which I have noticed is your gross attack on the Grand Jury at the recent Epiphany Sessions. They were assembled from all parts of the county at great personal inconvenience, and several of them occupy as good a social position as yourself. Because, however, at the end of their labours they ventured to express the opinion that many trivial cases had been brought before them, and suggested that a great deal of valuable time would be saved to gentlemen who had to attend at much inconvenience if magistrates were empowered to deal summarily with cases of the kind, you told them they were making fools of themselves and described them as asses. Those observations of yours, sir, were not only in the worst of bad taste, coming from you as a chairman of magistrates, but they were a gratuitous and outrageous insult. Fools and asses, sir, are not confined to Grand Juries in the sessional courts of this country. Not infrequently I note their lamentable appearance on the Bench. In this instance the Grand Jury spoke as reasonable men, anxious that their time should be occupied for reasonable purposes in a reasonable way.

You know what were the cases which provoked the protest of these gentlemen. One man was charged with stealing a lump of coal; another with stealing a bag of swede turnips; still another with stealing sixpence three farthings. It would have been remarkable if a protest had not been made in such circumstances. From all that I have heard and read about you recently, I gather that you are one of that large class of choleric, self-important persons, which is unable to hide its infirmities in the exercise of its authority. The best of your public manners, so far as I have observed them, lack so much of the polish of the drawing-room that they would be no worse for the amendment of the kitchen.

Your magisterial insult to the Grand Jury is, in fact, only a grand sample of your general behaviour. It is not the less lamentable, and not the less regrettable, on that account. If, however, you know no better, you can do no better—not, at any rate, until you are taught, and I am not aware of anyone in Worcestershire who would be willing to undertake the rather thankless and up-hill work of schoolmaster. But there are extant several works on Deportment and Etiquette for Gentlemen, price one shilling, at all respectable booksellers. I earnestly recommend you to study them.

JOHN BULL.

To the Tooting Brotherhood, Mitcham Road, Lower Tooting.

GENTLEMEN,—My attention has been called to the fact that in connection with your society you have a section calling themselves the "Night Crusaders," workingmen, who, after their week's toil, go out at midnight to seek and to succour the homeless and the outcast. On a recent Saturday night, twenty-five of you might have been seen leaving the Tooting tramway terminus by the last car, taking with you sacks of provisions containing a thousand parcels, bound for the Thames Embankment and the East End, and, having finished your work of mercy, to tramp the ten weary miles home again in the bitter cold. Gentlemen, you are engaged in such work as the Master loved, and you are doing more to make your light shine before men than all the empty platitudes of the whole bench of Bishops are likely to accomplish. God bless you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mohamed El Hadi Pasha, Bey of Tunis, Africa.

The High, Mighty, Glorious, and Everlasting John Bull, Esq., Gent., to Bey Mohamed El Hadi, Puissant and All Splendid Ruler of Tunis, Greeting. Peace be with you. I have recently learned that a London company has sent out to you fourteen talking machines—one for each of your wives. Allah and they be merciful unto you. May you still be alive and not kicking when all the wives wind up all the machines. Given at our Court of the Tremendous Acre, in the City of London, Amen. JOHN BULL.

To the Delegates of the Aero Conference, London.

DELEGATES,—It has been conveyed to me that during your conference you discussed the rules of the air, and required the enactment of a law conferring the right to fly. Gentlemen, you may fly; I do not raise the smallest objection. The one stipulation I make is that you will not drop on me. One other thing only have I to remark. Remember the saying which is written, "When you fall, fall soft."

JOHN BULL.

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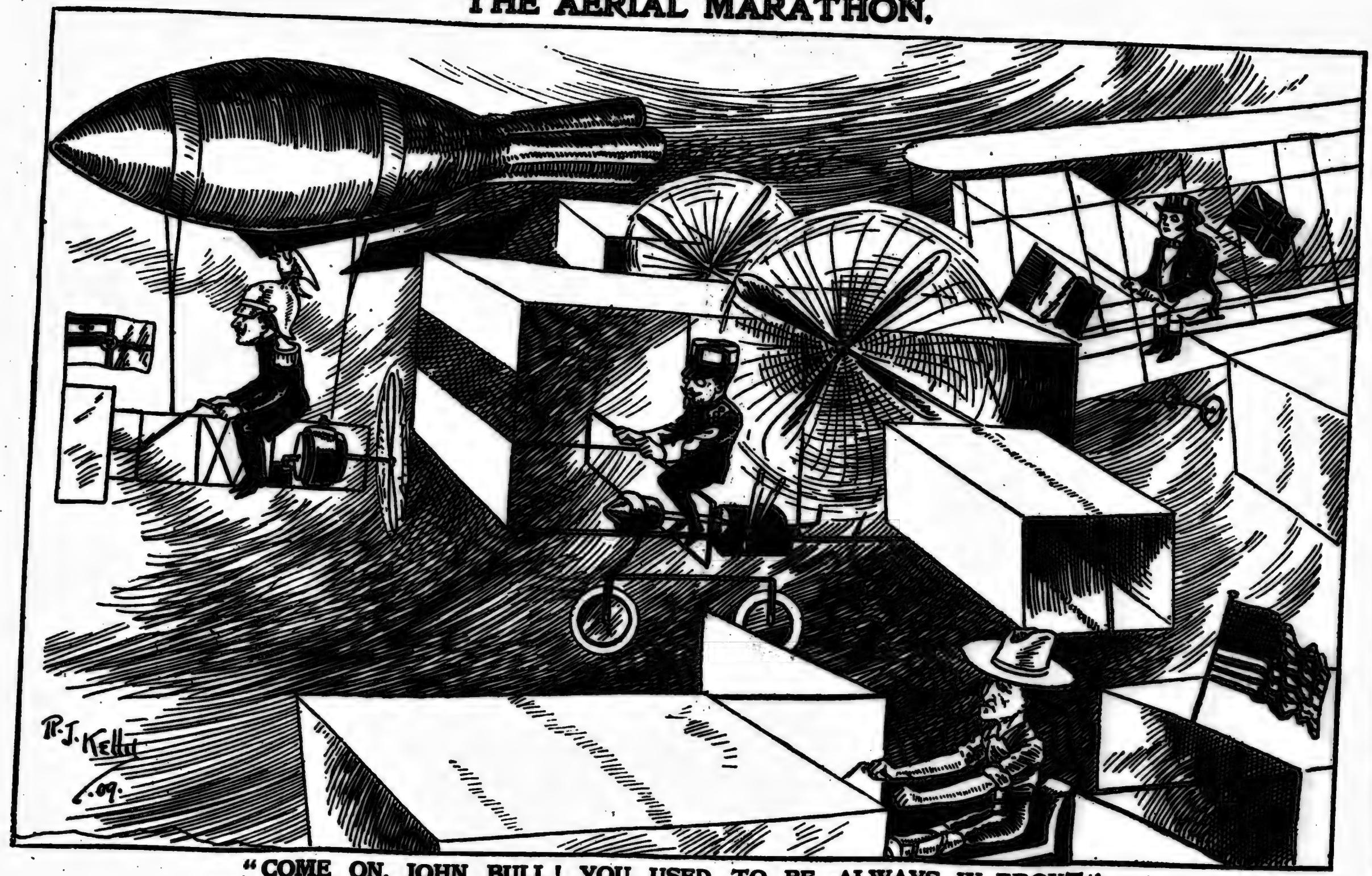

"COME ON, JOHN BULL! YOU USED TO BE ALWAYS IN FRONT."

IN THE CITY.

GOLD-MINING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared in the January 9th issue of JOHN BULL, under this heading, a correspondent writes in support of our original statement.

He says that certain Liverpool gentlemen were induced to take up the working of the Plough Lead and Old Provincial Mines in 1906-7. They advanced ample funds to work the mines, and as time went by were called upon to contribute more and yet more money to keep the thing going. Meantime, during the two years named, Mr. James strove manfully to win a profit for his principals, but all to no purpose. In no single month during the whole two years that Mr. James was operating was there a surplus, and, tired of perpetual outlay without the prospect of a return, the proprietors decided to close down permanently, having lost a lot of money.

In his interview with us, Mr. James declared that most of the poor results from the Nova Scotian mines were attributable to bad management, but if that be so, how does he explain his own failure to make the Wine Harbour properties pay? The mines mentioned in our article, and referred to by Mr. James, were not closed down, as he implies, owing to mismanagement. Take the Boston-Richardson Mine. The President of this company—whose affairs are now in the hands of a Receiver—is a clever, wealthy Boston man, and an accountant to boot. Conversant with mining work in all its aspects, he organised everything himself, and as a result of wide experience introduced most improved and up-to-date methods. He was ably backed by a carefully selected staff, devoted to his interests, and headed by Mr. Badger, a leading metallurgist of the mining world. The system of working was admirable, and would have done credit to the biggest mining company in the world, but it was of no avail. The recoveries of gold, which in the mine's best days amounted to anything between 500 and 700 ounces per month, began steadily and surely to diminish until they got almost to vanishing point, and operations ceased.

An article has appeared in a local Nova Scotian newspaper of recent date, to the effect that Mr. James expects very shortly to float the two mines under discussion—the Plough Lead and the Old Provincial—into the largest public company that has ever operated in Nova Scotia. If that company is formed we do not envy the shareholders.

THE NEW DRUCE PORTLAND COMPANY.

THE END OF IT.

Of the many strange companies formed with the object of inducing the public to subscribe capital, few illustrate more strikingly the credulity and the carelessness of a section of the community than the New Druce Portland Co., Ltd. This company was registered in November, 1907, with a nominal capital of £25,000 in shares of 5s. each, and its object was "to co-operate with others in the prosecution of the claims of George Hollamby Druce or others in respect of the Druce Portland Estates." It offered for subscription 80,000 shares, payable in full on application, and as a result 17,341 shares (£435 5s.) were allotted, the number of applicants being 2,881. The prospectus offered:—

> A unique opportunity of participating in the Portland millions in the event of G. H. Druce proving successful in his claims to the Portland Estates, and assuming these estates to be worth 16 millions pounds every 5s. share will realise £16, or 64 times the amount subscribed.

The prospectus omitted to state that G. H. Druce might not be entitled in any event to more than a life interest in the estates, and inasmuch as he was a descendant of a junior branch of the Druce family, the benefit of any claim which the family could have established to the Portland Estates would have gone to C. R. Druce, a descendant of a senior branch. The prospectus got over this second difficulty by submitting a pedigree in which G. H. Druce was shown to be a descendant of the senior branch.

The after history of the company is well known, but its ending is a good deal more respectable than that of most enterprises of the kind, for we find that the 2,900 contributories have had returned to them 4s. 5 5-12d. per 5s. fully-paid share.

INDEPENDENT EXPERT ADVICE on all insurance matters. Existing policies examined and criticised in the interests of the insurer and their weak points disclosed. Before renewing existing policies and before taking out new ones consult the INSURANCE ADVICE ASSOCIATION, 31, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. Invalid lives and hazardous risks insured on most advantageous terms.

THE CENTURY INSURANCE COMPANY.

With reference to a reply given to "G .O. (Barry)" in last week's issue, in which we speak of the Century Insurance Co., Ltd., as "comparatively young although a very progressive and prosperous Company," we are reminded that the Company's sickness scheme is the oldest before the public, having been established in 1885. The Century was actually the pioneer of sickness insurance for professional and business men. It is also the only Company that has regularly published the results of the quinquennial investigations and valuations of its sickness business, and which shows in its yearly balance-sheets the special reserves held against its sickness contracts. These reserves at the end of December, 1907, were over £110,000, and the total funds and assets of the Company are over £800,000.

ANOTHER OF THEM GONE.

The manager of the London and Counties Exchange, of St. Swithin's Chambers, St. Swithin's Lane, about which we have had something to say more than once, writes to a correspondent as follows:—

> It is with profound regret we have to inform you that our recent losses have been of a severe nature, and the difficulty we are experiencing in the immediate collection of monies owing, that in the interests of our clients and ourselves, we think the best course is to place the whole of our affairs in the hands of our solicitors, with a view to ascertaining our exact financial position, and the result of same will no doubt be communicated to you in due course.
>
> In the meantime, we must ask you to kindly address all communications to the solicitors.

THE SELF-HELP ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

In reply to various inquiries regarding the Self-Help Assurance Association, the Chairman of the Self-Help Assurance Company informs us that it has been formed to take over the business of the Association, and is duly registered under the Companies Acts, and stamped policies will be issued to all members.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.

In reply to a great many inquiries, we are pleased to say that, so far as we can gather, matters are progressing satisfactorily in connection with the affairs of this company, and that in a short time the pressure will have been overcome.

J. SAMUDA AND CO.

We are informed that the Directors of this Company have declared an interim dividend for the past half-year at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, and warrants have been posted. The Company was incorporated on the 15th July, 1908, with a capital of £75,000. Since then its business has been exceptionally good.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO., LTD.

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., has obtained a contract for ten new ship wireless stations from the Italian Government. This is in addition to the thirty land and ship stations already equipped by the Marconi Company for the Italian Government.

NEW ISSUES.

The Standard Bank of South Africa invite applications for £100,000 of the Kalk Bay-Muizenberg Municipal 5 per cent. loan at the price of 99 per cent. The rateable value of the property comprised in the Municipality is put at £650,000, and the revenue last year amounted to £14,242. Almost the whole of the present issue will be used in paying off previous loans now falling due. This should be a tempting investment to those who are content with the bonds of a not very well-known South African town.

The Eclipse Boiler Furnace (London and South), Limited, has been incorporated with a capital of £100,000, of which 50,000 shares are now offered at par. The Company is formed to acquire the sole license to manufacture and sell within the City of London and in 24 English counties, an Eclipse Furnace designed for the use of the cheapest grades of bituminous slack (as well as for other classes of coal) for steam raising, and for the heating of furnaces. The claim for this furnace is that it insures a complete combustion of fuel within the furnace, and consequently a total absence of smoke under all working conditions including lighting up fires. The purchase price to be paid by the present Company has been fixed at £50,000, payable as to £25,000 in cash and the balance in shares We remember a good many of these Furnace Companies, but none that has proved a commercial success. The present venture is of a very speculative character.

The long expected Russian Loan is out. The total is:—1,400,000,000fr., or £55,580,000, in bonds to bearer of 500fr., or £19 17s., and multiples of five and ten thereof. The London issue amounts to £5,955,000, and it is offered at 88¾ per cent., or £88 12s. 8d. per bond of £99 5s. The loan is irredeemable

for ten years, after which time a sinking fund will be applied by annual drawings calculated to redeem the entire loan by January 15th, 1959. The 5 per Cent. Treasury Bonds amounting to £32,000,000, and falling due in May next, will be paid out of the proceeds of the issue, and the balance will be devoted to the extraordinary expenses of the Budget. It is expected that the issue will go well, but it is actually dearer than the market valuation of the existing Fives. On Saturday these were quoted at 97½ and a buyer would pay for them on January 28th. A coupon is due on May 1st, and consequently three months' interest (£1 5s.) comes off the price, making it 96¼ net, at which the yield is 5 3-16 per cent., whereas the yield on the new is only a few pence over 5 1-16 per cent.

Are any of our readers acquainted with Sales and Co., Business Transfer Agents, of 16-17, Devonshire Square, E.C.?

TOMINIL MINING COMPANY.

At a special meeting of the Tominil (Mexican) Mining Company, Limited, held on the 14th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, Captain Ernald Richarson presiding, a resolution to increase the capital by creating 50,000 new preference shares of £1 each, entitled to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 7 per cent., was carried unanimously. In the course of the proceedings the Chairman stated that the holders of these shares should have the right to convert them into ordinary shares at par at any time within three years of the date of allotment upon giving one month's notice to the company. Mr. Walter Francis, who had had twenty years' experience in American mining, had been sent out for the purpose of reporting on the prospects of the mine, and his report had been considered by the underwriters to be eminently satisfactory. On that report he wished to call attention to the fact that on the dumps and in the ore exposed in the mine they had enough to keep them occupied for two years and make a net profit of £50,000. Mr. Francis had proved the continuity of the ore by locating the out-crops on the further side of the hill. This pointed to a vast mineralised zone between the furthest point the galleries had yet been driven, and the further side of the hill—a matter of some 2,500ft. The ore got richer as they went further down, which was all in favour of future developments. It was intended to expend the new capital as follows: (1) To instal an aerial ropeway from the mine to the mill, a distance of about two miles; (2) to erect a mill with the necessary crushing and lixiviation arrangements; (3) as in treating the ore it was unnecessary to use stamps, a Samson rock-breaker and triplex rolls (which will work more economically than stamps, and will be much easier to get into position) would be erected. Mr. Walter Francis said that he had just returned from the property, and felt convinced that they had a lengthy shute of ore and conditions such as would give a satisfactory return to those who were going to put up fresh capital. As stated above, the resolution was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—J. C. S. (Letchworth).—We cannot advise you to accept an appointment with any company or person that insists upon your paying a sum down before receiving the appointment.

SALE OF SHARES.—BULLER (Leytonstone).—We do not see any likelihood of much change in the quotation.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—CUA (Dowlais).—If the facts are as you state them, you have your remedy against the person who sold the shares to you. He knew, or ought to have known, that the directors had the power to refuse to transfer, and, since they have exercised that power, you have no consideration for the £123 you paid. It may be a question whether you have not a further claim against the seller for loss of profit consequent upon the sharp improvement in the price of the shares, but, upon this, you should consult a solicitor.

GRAND TRUNK FIRST PREFERENCE.—SULPHURLAND (Harrogate).—(1) Yes, "perfectly safe," and an excellent investment. (2) The same answer is applicable in somewhat lesser degree to Mexican First Preference.

ANGLO-AUSTRIAN CONFECTIONERY COMPANY.—INTERESTED.—We have no information respecting the position of this company.

AUX CLASSES LABORIEUSES.—A. F. T. (Edinburgh).—The increased capital is required for business development in Paris and the provinces. The reserves are small, the goodwill stands at a very high figure, and the new capital militates against the shares from the investment point of view.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES EQUITABLE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—We know nothing to its discredit.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—W. E.—Your list is a very good one, but we should put the £100 into one sound security.

PREMIUM BONDS.—J. J. (Old Colwyn).—We do not think you need have any fear about the genuineness of the bonds. As to the drawings, you should follow the lists given in the "Bondholders' Register."

THREE SHARES.—CAUTIOUS (Southsea).—We think all three shares fairly good, the last of the three being the least inviting.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—A. L. (Wainfleet).—Of course, it is all nonsense. Take our advice, and steer clear of Stock Exchange gambling.

HUMBER SHARES.—T. B. C. (Sheffield).—We should take the profit.

ROOTS' CASH CHEMISTS.—E. J. G. (Ludford).—Fairly so.

SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.—C. R. (Regent's Park).—We should not have considered this a suitable investment for a lady circumstanced as you describe your friend.

VANGUARD MOTOR 'BUS COMPANY.—H. G. T. (Tufnell Park).—You would find it very difficult to do so, and we are not at all sure that it would be possible.

TWO FIRMS.—R. L. (Leeds).—Both are outside brokers.

TWO RAILWAY SHARES.—MAX (York).—We should hold both for the present.

UNCLAIMED DRAWN BONDS.—R. H. (Leeds).—We are not quite sure, but will make inquiries, and let you know later on.

KITTY'S OWN ALLUVIAL GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED.—J. McP. (Edinburgh).—You would be very foolish to put your £100 into these shares, or as many pence.

ANGLO-FRENCH EXPLORATION COMPANY.—J. W. (Crouch End).—The answer to your first question is in the affirmative, and to your second in the negative.

WHITWORTH COATES AND CO.—GUARD (Kidderminster).—We never advise dealings of the kind referred to in the advertisement you send us.

OIL FIELDS OF MEXICO.—ENQUIRER.—We have no late information as to this company.

WALKER GAS COMPANY.—M. K. E. (Plymouth).—We should prefer another selection.

BONHAM, WARD AND CO.—X. (Lee).—We note that your experiences with this firm are not reassuring.

LIPTON'S BANK.—J. A. A. (Leyton).—We have already expressed our opinion, that no risk is run in depositing with this bank. As to the objection you take respecting absence of any reference to the security offered to depositors and the omission of the amount of capital and reserve fund, it is sufficient to say that the status of the company is so well known that it is not necessary to give any such particulars in the pamphlet. Anyone wishing to put money into the Savings Bank can get these particulars by asking the secretary for a copy of the last report.

H. HALFORD AND CO.—J. R. S. (Regent's Park).—It is a very respectable firm, which has been carrying on business in the City for about forty years, and against whom we have never heard anything alleged.

PREMIUM BONDS.—GOOD HOPE (Klerksdorp).—The prices you name as those you gave for the bonds are very fair indeed. They are somewhat below the present market quotation.

STATUS OF FIRM.—R. A. O. (Port Tennant).—We know nothing about this firm. You should put an enquiry through Stubbs.

THE REGENCY PROMOTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—S. B. (Manchester).—If the statements of the letter you send us can be relied upon, the venture described is a promising speculation. But then

If ifs and ans were pots and pans
There'd be no work for tinkers' hands.

You are required to take everything upon trust, the only certainty about the proposition being that if you sign the application form obligingly sent you you will have to pay up. We cannot take the responsibility of recommending any such blind investment.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

CLAIM FOR BONUS.—H. H. (Hull).—You do not mention the company in which you are insured.

THE UNITED MUTUAL CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. B. (Smethwick).—We are inclined to think so.

INSURANCE POLICIES.—J. T. B. (Pen.).—We regret that we can be of no service to you in disposing of your bonds.

THE CONFEDERATED LIFE ASSOCIATION OF TORONTO.—R. K. P. (Scarborough).—We should not.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—J. K. (Edgehill).—You ask us if we will publish a statement which would cover some pages of JOHN BULL, and which deals with a matter of controversy between yourself and the Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society. We regret that we cannot give the space you ask to a personal matter of this kind. If the society has treated you unfairly in dismissing you, or has aspersed your character in any way—matters upon which we express no opinion—you have your remedy in the Courts. We return your typewritten communication under cover.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—G. P. (Modbury).—We know nothing to the contrary.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—M. S. (Hackney).—It seems to us that the society has treated you generously, always assuming that your father was, as its doctor alleges, suffering from bronchitis when his life was insured. Anyway, you have accepted the return of the monies you have paid on this policy, and it would neither be possible nor honourable on your part to attempt to upset an arrangement to which you have been a party.

UNITED WORKERS' ASSOCIATION.—ENQUIRER (Clapham).—We do not.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—CRITICAL (Leyton).—The society is not one of standing.—F. H. T. (Weybridge) and W. P. (Slough).—Ditto.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—E. N. (Ilford).—You say that you have paid on a House Purchase Bond £48, which was afterwards made into a Life Policy for £400, with £48 added on to the policy. You have now paid six years on this Life Policy, you want to sell, and the company offers you a surrender value which represents one-third of your payments; but you consider that you should receive back the whole of the £48. We do not see that you have any claim for more than the company offers you. There has never been any deception practised. You were told that, after a certain time, if you wished to give up the policy, the surrender value would be so much, and that sum is offered you. Where is the grievance here?

HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—X. Y. Z. (Leicester).—Yes, quite safe.

NON-TARIFF OFFICE.—F. C. (Forest Hill).—One of the strongest of the non-tariff offices is the Fine Art and General Company, which transacts fire business on non-tariff lines, as well as burglary, accident, and transit insurance.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—EASTBOURNIAN (Eastbourne).—It is a leading and rapidly-growing company transacting both fire and accident business in the United Kingdom, accident business in America, and one or other of these descriptions in Canada, the Colonies, and foreign countries, and also industrial business. It opened a life department in 1906. W. H. T. (Handsworth).—See previous answer.

THE PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.— —— (Chiswick).—We have gone carefully into the matter of your complaint against this company, and our conclusion is that you have not told us the whole truth, or anything like it. You say that the company dismissed you without any explanation. That, on the face of it, is improbable. Insurance companies do not find it so easy to get energetic and successful canvassers—and it is admitted that you belong to this class—that they should get rid of them from mere wantonness. Our information is that you were dismissed, or rather allowed to resign, after more than one warning, because you were guilty of serious irregularities. You say that you have asked the company repeatedly to inform you of their complaint against you, and they have refused. Our information is that that is not a true statement. Anyway, we are sure that, if you write to headquarters, after reading what we have written here, and request them to tell you whether they do, or do not, charge you with serious irregularities, committed after repeated warnings, you will find their answer will be a very unequivocal affirmative.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. W. F. (Leicester).—(1) Yes. (2) It all depends how long you have paid upon the policy. G. W. T. (Leicester).—We see no advantage in doing so.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—A. F. C. (London).—Yes, certainly. It is an office in the first rank. At the last quinquennial valuation the declared bonuses were respectively at the compound rates of £2 2s. and £1 18s. per cent. per annum in the "Temperance" and "General" sections for whole of life policies. The bonuses to abstainers were remarkably large, and those to non-abstainers much exceeded average rates in British offices. Being on the compound system they ranged in the Temperance section from £3 2s. to £4 5s., and in the General section from £1 15s. to £3 2s. per cent. per annum of the original sums assured.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—E. B. (Bradford).—We have never heard anything to the prejudice of the society, which was founded forty years ago.

GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—W. G. G. (Ramsgate).—We know nothing against it. Its methods of correspondence seem to be a little easy-going, but perhaps there may be some sufficient explanation of delay in answering your friend.

THE NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—H. B. M.—Yes, and the other society you name, although not in the front rank, is quite respectable and trustworthy.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Women and Guild Secrets.

We have a sort of notion that women in the past limited their interests strictly to things domestic. But students of the old London guilds assure us that feminine members always had a place therein. Of course, the best known surviving guild is that of the Freemasons, but altogether there have been over five hundred, formed either for religious purposes, or for mutual help and protection. Only about five have never admitted women on any terms. Some of their rules seem very quaint. One founded in the ninth century decreed "All the brethren and unmarried sisters of the guild are to meet together on one Sunday in every three months." There seems somet ing of the match-making spirit in the intimation that married dames need not trouble to come. The rules also laid down, "If any brother or sister wishes to make a pilgrimage to Rome, the brothers and sisters shall go with him to the gate and give him at least a halfpenny each." If the members lived up to that rule, the pilgrim would have set forth pretty heavily laden. It was also a sort of insurance agency, for it laid down, "If any brother or sister have a house broken into by robbers, the members of the guild shall give him a halfpenny each."

Another guild declared, "Whoever makes known the affairs of the guild, shall be put out as perjured," and it seems that there is not one record of a woman being "put out as perjured." The truth is that where great affairs are concerned, women are usually very conscientious about guarding secrets. I understand—but cannot vouch for its truth, my sisters—that the Freemasons decline women members on the ground that "No woman can be a mason, for no woman can keep a secret." Silly old Freemasons! For hundreds of years the matrons of ancient Rome celebrated annually a secret festival called the Bona Dea, and historians are forced to confess that they cannot tell us any details concerning this function, as its secret was so well preserved. Just the same applies to the Vestal Virgins. For centuries there was a continuous supply of a dozen women between the ages of fifteen and fifty, to tend the sacred fire of the Goddess Vesta. We know they had important secret rites handed down from one generation to another—yet here again the historian is confronted by a blank wall. He can tell us practically nothing; the women's secret was too faithfully kept. Yah—silly old Freemasons!

Stage Finery.

Of course, it is fully recognised that the gowns worn by actresses in society plays, are in the very forerank of fashion—so much so that a visit to an up-to-date play is a part of the necessary education of any woman to whom the fashions are of serious importance. Equal care is paid to the sartorial details of historical dramas—never again shall we see such enormities as actresses clad in the mode of their own day playing Greek characters; or a "Rosalind" so bashful that her costume, as the boy in the Forest of Arden, had skirts not very much above the ankles—yet this sort of thing was common enough once. Nowadays the very material, let alone the make, has to be "just so." A large firm of manufacturers of splendid furniture fabrics has shown me a piece of the brocade that formed the state train of Miss Ellen Terry's costume as "Catherine of Arragon." It seems that this conscientious actress ransacked London to find a material somewhat resembling that shown in a picture of the ill-fated queen she was to represent, and at length ran it to earth in this exquisite piece of furniture brocade. At one time the idea of real diamonds on the stage would have sounded laughable—the commonest paste was all-sufficient. Now we find not only Miss Fanny Ward, but more than one beautiful foreign dancer bedecked with gems worth so many thousands of pounds that detectives stand in the wings to take charge of the diamonds directly they have played their part each evening. Yet even in the past, real genuine gorgeousness has sometimes graced the boards: for instance, the "Merrie Monarch," Charles II., actually gave his coronation suit to Mr. Betterton, the actor, for stage purposes; while the Duke of York presented his gala costume to Mr. Harris. Royal ladies were sometimes equally kindly. Mary of Modena gave her wedding dress to Mrs. Barry, who disported it as Queen Elizabeth; while the Princess of Wales of her time gave the fascinating Peg Woffington a strawberry satin dress in which to appear as Roxana—most unsuitable in style, I am sure—yet beaten by Mrs. Bellamy, who appeared as the Egyptian enchantress Cleopatra, in a gown of silver tissue, made for and worn by the same Princess of Wales.

An Easy Savoury—Stuffed Tomatoes.

Take half-a-dozen fair-sized tomatoes, and remove their interior carefully. Mince up some underdone meat with sweet herbs, and salt and pepper to flavour If preferred, a forcemeat may be made and mixed with the pulp of the fruit. When the tomatoes have been neatly stuffed, place them upright in a dish with a portion of butter—pop into the oven and bake slowly until tender. They may be served up with the liquor that comes from them, or a good gravy may be made and poured over. Either way they are remarkably tasty.

A LONDON JOURNALIST

Brain-Fag, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion, Influenza—

It is *results* that tell, and the *best* results are those obtained at the least cost and in the shortest time, such as the marvellous cures which Phosferine has achieved for countless thousands of workers. The repeated approval of Royalty, the confidence of doctors and nurses, the constant appreciation of all the most famous athletes, &c., is plain proof that Phosferine unfailingly remedies the disorders for which it is recommended. It is the beneficial *results* derived from Phosferine, which makes these celebrated, experienced, and industrious people request us to publish their letters for the information of other sufferers. A typical example is the letter of Mr. J. Meaney, a rising journalist, who says he took Phosferine for various nerve disorders, and as a *result* experienced such remarkable and permanent relief, that he considers it a duty to publicly express his appreciation of its extraordinary revitalising properties.

Cured quite simply—and surely.

Mr. J. Meaney the well-known London Journalist, "Jay Emme," writes:—"After a period of great mental strain I fell into a kind of semi-comatose condition, thinking was difficult and slow, and I found it hard to state things as clearly as formerly. Indeed this disorder and confusion of ideas severely threatened the close of my literary career. I was so run down, sleepless and disinclined to exert myself, that everything was a trouble to me. A fellow journalist who had suffered in the same way, and was cured by Phosferine, advised me to try the tonic. I followed his advice and gradually the brain-fag, sleeplessness, the dull apathy disappeared, and to my intense relief I found myself again capable of thinking clearly, and of long sustained mental effort without the least distress. Thanks to Phosferine, I never now experience any undue fatigue, and I feel as fresh and tackle things with a zest that is rapidly taking me higher in my profession.'—October 8, 1908.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Maternity Weakness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Sleeplessness
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Anæmia
Influenza	Exhaustion	Malaria

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE HARDEST TASK IN THE WORLD.

Recently an American clergyman inaugurated a movement with the object of inducing his flock, and ten thousand people besides, to live their lives for a fortnight as Jesus would. Though, to use his own words, "there was plenty of ginger in it" to start with, most of the original entrants appear to have dropped out rather hurriedly, and by the end of the fortnight there was not a single survivor. One man said it was impossible to follow in the footsteps of Christ and live in America. A lady who operated a telephone said she had tried to do so, but the subscribers would not let her. No doubt the subscribers would have replied that, but for telephone girls, they would be able to live a perfectly holy life. On all hands people asserted that the clergyman had set them an impossible task.

And no doubt as the world wags to-day they are right. The great human movement of love and mercy which began in that little manger under the star-spangled dome at Bethlehem set human nature the hardest task it has ever had to face since that "morning of the world when earth was nigher heaven than now." It will never have to face a harder task through all the courses of the suns. Emerson has told us to hitch our wagon to a star, but we shall all have to soar higher than the birds before we can fasten our life-lines to the star of Bethlehem. It shines now as it shone then; as it has shone for more than nineteen hundred years since then. We have had nineteen hundred years of Christianity, and there is not one Christian among us all. The man divine who to-day undertook to live in the world as Christ lived would not die as He died, but by any standard which the world sets up for human test to-day he would fail. There is not a Government office, not a shop, a mill, or a factory which could or would find a place for him. He would ruin any business in which he was engaged. As Premier of England he would wreck the country. As Christ was reviled and scoffed at in the old days, so would His imitator be reviled and scoffed at now. He would be one of the unemployed. He would perish of hunger, for out of his love and pity he would give all he had to those whose actual need was perhaps less than his own. And unhonoured, unsung, unwept, unregarded by the world he would be buried by the parish, with this one word to mark the place of his ashes—Jesus.

I speak a hard thing. It may be that I speak a terrible thing. But looking into the face of the world as I know it, as you know it, I believe it is a truthful thing. The eloquence of ten thousand pulpits, the praying and singing of ten thousand congregations, will not alter the fact that the Christian life, the Christ life, is practically impossible. Tried in our fierce human fires, it must be a branded failure. A man willing to be a martyr might be a Christ. With a population of such martyrs in England, we should all be swept into the sea, naked and unarmed in the face of our enemies.

It is said by some people that Christianity is a failure. I would rather describe it as a rather small success. It has in some measure influenced us all while changing us little. It has influenced us as splendid theory, but only in infinitesimal degree as safe practice. At all points we have touched it gingerly, afraid that it will turn and rend us. Thus, as there is not one Christ man among us, so there is not one Christ nation; and, to-day, as the policy of a Government, Christianity would bring not peace, but a sword; a General Election would be demanded by every constituency in the Kingdom, and Ministers would fall like Lucifer, never to rise again. Not many years ago an English Bishop had the courage to say that the State could not exist on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount. Even Count Tolstoi, trying to live his life in accord with that magnificent ideal, has to allow himself to be hoodwinked by his family.

Hardly can you touch a nation at any corner of its civilisation without feeling that the devil is there and not Christ. Armies, navies, rifles, guns, bayonets, soldiers, police, law courts—a Christian nation must let all these things go. One wrongs you, there is no human remedy for that with a Christ-living man. Nay, the more that he wrongs you, the closer shall you draw to him in love, and compassion, and forgiving; and if you are rich, you shall not see him poor. You may be a prop and pillar of a Baptist chapel, but you cannot be a Rockefeller and a Christ at the same time. You may be an Archbishop with £15,000 a year, but, while men and women, and children, are destitute about you, you cannot be a Christian. If I held that Christianity was an out-and-out failure, I should have to say it is because we are all too selfish and too cowardly to make it a success.

But in truth there is a faint glimmer of light in the sky, albeit that neither you nor I will see break of day. We might, you know, but we don't want to. We might, if we all would, wake up to an earth heaven to-morrow. Please don't convict me of a paradox because, having before said that the Christ-life is the hardest thing in the world, I am now saying that it is the easiest. For the one reason that it *is* the hardest, it is the easiest. If I did unto others as I would that others should do unto me, I should live the Christ life. But I don't. At least if I do it is with a vast deal of difference; I do it, or try to do it, first. The others won't let me act up to the real spirit of the text, I have no doubt you make that excuse also.

EVERY : PIPE : SMOKER : OF EXPERIENCE knows that the tobacco he wants must have these three qualities—***coolness, aroma,*** and that subtle property one terms ***flavour,*** for lack of a better description. Otherwise it will not do. Of the three, ***coolness*** is least often found. Yet it is essential, for a man cannot burn his tongue and please his palate. In

Chairman

the three are found in combination. It is a fine mixture that yields a lasting pleasure to the votary of the pipe—always fragrant, always pleasing, cool to the last shred.

It is of medium strength and suits most men's requirements.

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same but fuller flavoured.

Sold by tobacconists at 5½d. per oz., and in quarter and half-pound tins.

In case of difficulty write to—

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

U4

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

MORE JUDGES WANTED.

It seems certain that unless another judge is appointed the end of the present Sittings will see an appreciable addition to the number of untried cases. In the Court of Appeal the cases set down for hearing are 205, or 53 more than the total of twelve months ago, and unless the Third Court is formed, arrears must be piled up. But this Third Court can only be formed by the withdrawal of the Lord Chief Justice, the President of the Probate Division, and a judge of either the King's Bench or the Chancery Division from their ordinary duties, and if this is done, arrears in the Higher Court will be checked only at the expense of other Courts. Whilst there were 728 cases awaiting hearing in the King's Bench in January last year, there are 841 now. It is further estimated that some sixteen days will be devoted to applications made by persons under the Criminal Appeal Act.

It may not be generally known that notwithstanding the great addition of business that has come to the King's Bench Division during the last forty years its judicial strength is less in 1909 than it was in 1869. It was Lord Selborne's intention that the Assize business should be shared by the Lord Justices and the Chancery Judges, and for a time it was, but the experiment was not a success, and at the end of eight years the judges of the Queen's Bench Division were required once more to do all the Circuit work—a result never contemplated by the framers of the Judicature Act of 1870. We have always contended that a commonsense reform of the Circuit system would go far to right matters, but in the absence of it the necessity for more judges in the King's Bench Division is apparent. Their appointment would not be an additional burden upon the tax-bearer, seeing that the judges of this Division more than pay their way by means of fees.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM AGAIN

Mr. Justice Grantham's observations from the Bench are often somewhat surprising, but we have seldom been more puzzled than in his comments in the case of Salt *v.* the Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich. It appeared the Plaintiff was the widow of the Rev. Wm. John Salt, who for some fifteen years was Vicar of St. Lawrence, Catford. In the early part of 1907 the Bishop considered it desirable that Mr. Salt should resign, and in consideration of his doing so entered into an agreement to pay him the sum of £200 a year for two years. The resignation took effect in October, 1907, and Mr. Salt died soon after the payment of the third quarterly instalment. Thereupon the Bishop ceased to make any further payments, contending that his liability was at an end. The widow claimed that an agreement to pay to secure a certain end survived, even though the principal might die. This was the issue in the case, and in the end Mr. Justice Grantham gave a verdict for the plaintiff. The verdict may or may not be right. What we are puzzled about is how to reconcile the judge's observations in the course of the trial with his decision. For example—we quote from the report of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

> His lordship said he was of opinion that the agreement was to pay the vicar whilst he was alive; it was not an agreement to pay his executors.

Again :—

> His lordship said there was no doubt the defendant might have extended his charity for the two years if Mr. Salt had lived. But he could not help calling this an unrighteous claim.

And here is the judge's decision :—

> In this case it was not an ordinary resignation, and that was where the difficulty had arisen. Under the agreement defendant did guarantee that the money should be paid to Mr. Salt, and therefore he was responsible, and there must be judgment for the plaintiff, with costs.

Perhaps one of our legal readers will try to reconcile these various dicta.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

OWNERSHIP OF TREE IN CHURCHYARD.—CHEMIST (Newton-le-Willows).—The owner of the grave has no right to the tree growing on it, and the vicar is entitled to remove it, as the churchyard is his freehold.

RECOVERY OF TITHE.—TITHE (Bristol).—The tithe can be recovered from any one of the properties, unless it has been re-apportioned so as to make each tenement liable only for its own share.

CLAIM OF CREDITORS.—NEMO (Wigan).—The money given to your wife and invested by her could not be claimed by creditors, except so far as any gifts were made within two years of bankruptcy.

REPAYMENT OF INCOME TAX.—E. W. C. (Bloomsbury).—Repayment of income tax cannot be claimed beyond three years.

AN EXCESSIVE CLAIM.—J. M. C. (Pendleton).—You should explain the exact facts to the Registrar, and, if they have sued you for more than is due, you should apply for your costs.

ACCIDENT TO A SISTER.—P. P. (Manchester).—We have already answered the question about the accident to your sister.

CLAIM FOR FURNITURE.—SCRUTAN.—Unless you can show that the furniture was given to you by your mother, you cannot claim it.

STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.—COAL TRIMMER (Cardiff).—The statutory period beyond which debts cannot be recovered is six years. We do not think that the amount claimed could be recovered.

J. G. (Cardiff).—If you will state what your difficulties are we will advise you.

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that we deliver our Handsome Portected Coronaphone NOW on receipt of a deposit of 5/- and your promise to complete the purchase by 9 monthly payments of 5/- if you are entirely pleased with the machine after examination. The Coronaphone is a splendid up-to-date Disc Machine, with all the latest perfections, and rendering the finest records ever produced. Endless refined amusement and pleasure for the family circle.

Write for our New Talking Machine Prospectus FREE on application.

We send a Handsome Selection of the Newest Disc Records with every Coronaphone.

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

ARE CYCLES LIKE HORSES?

There is something about a thoroughbred Horse which attracts people who know very little about Horses. It carries its breed in its shape, in its action, in every bend and curve of its body.

There is the same sense of quality in the Sunbeam Bicycle. It has two wheels, a handle-bar, a frame, and a saddle the same as the cheapest of Bicycles, but it comes together like the thoroughbred Horse in comparison with a common hack, with a definite note of breed and quality in every detail. Why is this? Because the Sunbeam is built where no low-grade Cycles are bred—it is a real THOROUGHBRED.

J. Marston, Ltd. — 21 Sunbeamland — Wolverhampton, send the 1909 Sunbeam Cycle List free on application.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Bovril for January Weather

A cup of hot Bovril warms up the whole system and fortifies it against winter ills. Bovril nourishes and stimulates; it builds up the constitution and acts as a veritable insurance against Influenza. Whether you be at home, at the office, in the restaurant, or in the theatre, a cup of hot Bovril is easily and quickly procured.

Keep Bovril in the House

Everyone should keep a bottle of Bovril in the house. Its uses in the home are endless. It wards off colds and chills, it builds up weak constitutions, it comes in handy for an 11 o'clock morning snack, and the cook makes lovely gravies with it. Always insist upon Bovril, and see that you get it.

BOVRIL

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the unemployed are to be taken to task immediately.
That Lloyd George is popular in Germany.
That the English Rugby Union enjoys a Scotch "split."
That G. Bernard Shaw writes the Premier's speeches.
That the Government is a "going" concern.
That the Territorial scheme is a "rank" failure.
That the Liberal Party considers Tamworth a fight.
That cash payments will preserve the "balance" of power.
That President Roosevelt is not a "striking" man.
That Socialism means "Brotherly love."

The man who was recently fined £3 and 10s. costs for kissing a girl in the street, might have pleaded that he only wanted to take a buss.

"One can get hardened to pain," says Mr. Charles Long. Yes, other people's.

Mr. Wilbur Wright gained 18lbs. in weight during his stay at Le Mans. Of course, aeroplaning must raise one's weight.

Blackpool firemen recently answered an alarm only to find a supper awaiting them at the house to which they were called. They brought the "devouring element" with them.

"Sermons for Lunch," we read. Rather dry fare.

An official of the British Museum asks for suggestions to celebrate the 150th anniversary of its opening. We suggest a bonfire of red tape.

The recent prize-fight must have been a punishing affair, for Johnson is black all over and Burns is "blue."

Curious that the man who is "speechless" is generally the one who kicks up a row.

"The Whips of Time," a new book is called. Illustrated by "cuts," we presume.

"When an author becomes popular his work deteriorates," says G. T. Severn. What a lot of "popular" authors we have!

The rector of Little Leighs complains of sleepers in church. Why should he grudge them a little ease?

"We are not all artistic," says the Rev. J. H. Jowett. True; some of us can't even draw a salary.

Festoons of red herrings decorated a Lowestoft church at a recent thanksgiving service. Was there a cure of soles?

"To women love is an occupation," says Winifred Gordon. And they put their heart into it.

"It is never too late to mend," as the woman said, when she commenced darning her husband's stockings at midnight.

"My days are numbered," as the Calendar said.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER.—"Ah! my friend," said the man with the chestnut can. "I have seen better days, I can assure you. I was once a comic journalist."
"Humph!" retorted his customer. "There is not much difference between that and your present calling that I can see, except that you do without a middleman now."

"What is the difference," said Wagleigh, glancing at the cheap "tile" Bagley had just purchased. "What is the difference between your hat and the Egyptian darkness?"
"Give it up."
"Why—one might be felt."

A miser likes to keep his *hoardings* free from advertisement.

We often hear the phrase "the mind's eye," and that is why the man whose business it is to develop the mind has to be careful with his pupils.

The morning paper which displayed the headline—
"ONLY THE PRESS LOOK DOWN ON LEGISLATORS"
must have forgotten Mr. Victor Grayson.

Comfortable Chins.

After shaving, nothing will give such a cool, comfortable, velvety feeling to the chin as ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Used overnight, it softens the skin, makes shaving easy, and prevents roughness, redness and soreness.

Of all Chemists, 1s. Send 2d. for sample to
ICILMA CO., LTD. (Dept. 5), 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

WELL-KNOWN MEN
WHO WEAR
CURZON'S
GOLD MEDAL
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Mr. Lionel Brough.
Mr. R. G. Knowles.
Mr. Montague Holbein.
Mr. Carl Hertz.
Rev. Canon Davidson.
Count Ubaldo Beni.
J. P. Downey, M.P.
Lieut.-Col. A. Belcher.

Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P.,
House of Commons, Ottawa.
Frank Rhodes, Esq.,
Secretary, G.P.O., Bloemfontein, O.R.C.
Lieut.-Colonel Dr. S. H. Glasgow.
The Honourable R. R. Fitzgerald.
Senor Dr. Simon Planos Suarez,
Minister and Ambassador of Nicaragua.
Major-General J. C. Kinchant.
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Why not let us make your Clothes?

£4-4-0 SUIT for £2-5-0.
£3-15-0 OVERCOAT for £2-0-0
(The quality of these goods is identical with those sold by West End Houses at £4-4-0). It will pay you to investigate this.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.
Ask for our "J. B." range of Patterns.

"THERE'S COMFORT IN THE CURZON CUT."

That we have reached the high water mark in Tailoring value and excellence is proved by the fact that we have secured the Gold Medal Diploma at the Franco-British Exhibition. No matter where you live, we guarantee to fit you.

OUR SELF-MEASUREMENT SYSTEM is perfection itself, and is so sure that we guarantee to refund a client's money in full if we are not able to satisfy in every detail.

SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE PATTERNS,
latest fashion plates, unique lists of testimonials, and instructions for accurate self-measurement. All sent free and carriage paid. Those who are able to call should visit our showrooms.

Complete Satisfaction Given or we Refund Money.
Awarded the Gold Medal Franco-British Exhibition.

CURZON BROS. Go to Curzon's

The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept. 191), 69-82, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
(Within five minutes of Moorgate Street, Metropolitan, and Tube Railways, and Liverpool Street Railways.)
Please mention this paper.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

CITY WAITERS.—Several waiters in the employ of Messrs. Ring and Brymer and Messrs. Birch and Co. complain to us of the treatment they receive at the hands of these firms. We have, of course, only one side of the story before us, but if what we are told as to the hours of work, the pay and the feeding arrangements at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and the luncheon to the King and Queen of Sweden be true—well, we are glad we weren't invited.

E. V. S. is requested by W. C. S. to call or send by post for letter at General Post Office addressed to himself and to send on watch at once.

A. N. B. (Smethwick), apropos our recent remark that there is no law against the exercise of philanthropy, reminds us that it is an offence for a baker to give overweight, whilst we also remember that one of the clauses of the abortive Licensing Bill was directed against the "long pull."

A. C. (London) complains strongly of the treatment by Harrod's Stores of their employees in the matter of hours and work and wages. What say the directors?

A. B. (Bow) also complains that J. Sainsbury has this year stopped the customary Xmas boxes to the employees, although he has sent a hundred guineas to the earthquake fund! He thinks pity should begin at home.

A. H. L. (Roehampton).—The Census gives the total of "Clergymen (Established Church); Roman Catholic Priests; Ministers, Priests of other religious bodies" in England and Wales as 39,656. Of these, 3,990 are between 65 and 75 years of age, and 1,651 are 75 and upwards. The figures at 80 are not accessible.

"TWO GRATEFUL MOTHERS" (Bradford and Harrogate) write in defence of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, which they are enthusiastic about from the experience of their own children.

G. H. K. (London).—Authorities differ as to the origin of the character of John Bull, but it is said to have been first used in Arbuthnot's satire "The History of John Bull." We may add that we have in our possession an old print of "Wm. Ball, *alias* John Bull," who was born at Herschaw, in Shropshire, July 8th, 1795.

DR. B. (Whittlesey) wants to know what we should consider a reasonable offer for the last complete edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in the three-quarter levant binding. We should consider it a reasonable offer if he gave it away, and undertook to pay the carriage. We saw it stated in the report of a recent police court case that it was worth between £8 and £9 in the trade.

R. W. B. (Leicester) calls our attention to a case in which a schoolboy, who was directed by his teacher to assist in removing a piano from one classroom to another, sustained injuries owing to one of the castors coming off the instrument. He sued for damages, but in the end the case was dismissed without costs to either side, and R. W. B. feels that a great hardship was inflicted upon the boy's mother, a poor widow, she having been put to considerable expense. We agree with him, but "Hard cases make bad Law," and of course the teacher was acting outside his authority in directing the boy to assist in the removal, and consequently the education committee would not be responsible. It is very rough on the poor boy and his mother, all the same.

A. S. H. (Bridge of Allan).—The father of the child was summoned, but his wife (as is always allowed in these matters) appeared on his behalf.

C. A. (Oxford) wants to know whether the Fine Art Supply Co. is the same as the Imperial Fine Art Corporation, of High Holborn, London.

E. M. B. (Dunmow).—If we began giving biscuits for fish-stories the tin would soon be empty, and it is rather a tall order to suggest that the biscuits should be as big as the fish.

"PRECOCIOUS" (Bowdon).—Thanks for biscuit. Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

"YANBUK" wants to argue about protection, but surely we have made our view clear long ago. Let us agree to differ.

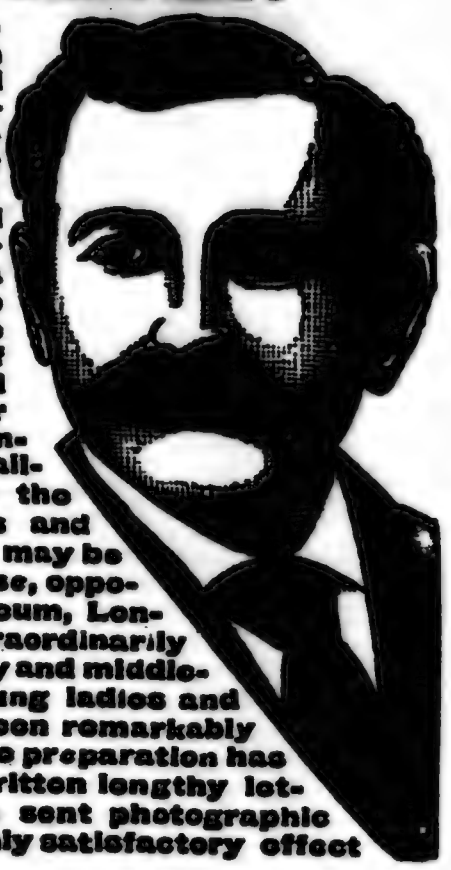
"TADDYS"
GRAPNEL
MIXTURE
A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.
Price 6d. per 1 oz. packet.
1/- per 2 oz. tin. 2/- per 4 oz. tin.

A London Business Man's Wonderful Hair Growing Preparation.

NEW HAIR
In 14 Days.

He invites men and women tired with trying "this, that and the other thing" to apply for complete LARGE TRIAL TREATMENTS

FREE.



A well-known London business man has a wonderful Hair-Growing Treatment which he claims will grow hair in fourteen days. He is willing to send supplies of his treatment sufficient for a complete trial, to those who, as he puts it, are tired of trying this, that and the other thing for their baldness, thinning or colouring falling hair. Certainly the evidence of letters and photographs which may be seen at Craven House, opposite the British Museum, London, is most extraordinarily satisfactory. Elderly and middle-aged, as well as young ladies and gentlemen, have been remarkably grateful for what the preparation has done. They have written lengthy letters, and some have sent photographic evidence of the highly satisfactory effect of the preparation.

THE EVIDENCE.

HAIR GROWS QUICKLY.
Hove, Brighton.
MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—I enclose P.O. for another box of your preparation. I am pleased to say that the sample you sent me has entirely stopped the falling off of the hair, and it makes the hair grow longer surprisingly quick.
EDLA PULLEY.

A TEN DAYS' RESULT.
Springburn, Glasgow.
MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—Please send on another box of your hair-grower, for which I enclose P.O. I have only used your pomade for ten days, the hair is coming splendidly.
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.

GROWING SPLENDIDLY.
Littlehampton, Sussex.
DEAR MR. BURLEIGH,—I am very pleased indeed with the result of your hair-grower. I find my hair is growing splendidly beyond my expectations in so short a time. I will do my best to recommend it to others.
(Miss) R. GREENFIELD.

A WONDERFUL PRESCRIPTION.
Robertson Street, Greenock.
DEAR SIR,—Yours of last week to hand. I omitted to send word as regards the box I got. I only used half the box, and my hair is thoroughly restored. It is a wonderful prescription, and I would thoroughly advise anyone who is inclined to be bald to use it.
H. McINTYRE.

GROWN FULLY AN INCH.
Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.
MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—I am greatly pleased with your hair grower. I have only used one box, yet it has made the hair grow fully an inch where the baldness was, and I return you my sincere thanks, for I shall always recommend your hair grower whenever I can.
J. T. BROWN.

"No part of the human structure starts growing again, nothing like so quickly as the hair of the head," the discoverer remarked. "If it were otherwise I certainly could not say that my Hair Regenerator would, as it actually does, grow hair in ten days."

"I know," he said, continuing, "that most people will think my treatment too good to be true. I have selected haphazard a few testimonials which bear out my contention—I have hundreds of others."

FREE.

"I wish everyone suffering from Hair Troubles to obtain from me a complete Large Trial Hair Growing Treatment, consisting of

1 ONE LARGE TRIAL BOX OF MY TRUE HAIR GROWER.
2 ONE CAKE OF SPECIAL SCALP SOAP.
3 A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF 96 PAGES.

I ask only that each of my correspondents shall send me three penny stamps to cover expenses other than the cost of the Treatment itself—I myself will pay for the latter.

"I will make satisfactory arrangements to insure the sending of each applicant's supply of my Hair Regenerating Preparation off the same day as the letter and stamps reach me. My address is John Craven-Burleigh, 168, Craven House (opposite British Museum), London, W.C."

G. M. D (Accra, Gold Coast Colony).—Thanks for the pretty picture of the native ladies. Let us hear how you get on.

S. J. V. (Bath) wants a biscuit for the *Daily News* for saying that a hen can lay £5 worth of eggs in a year. It certainly sounds an eggsaggeration.

H. P. (Dublin) answered an advertisement of Davis & Co., the alleged pawnbrokers, and received nothing but rubbish.

"COCKNEY" (Manchester Square) writes: "Lord Roberts wants a million men to defeat 200,000 invaders, Kruger had 70,000 men and almost defeated 300,000. There used to be a popular couplet which declared that:

"Two froggy Frenchmen and one Portuguee,
One jolly Englishman can lick all three."

But that was some time ago. Nowadays it reads:

"Four jolly Englishmen with one Boer strive
But when it comes to Germans, Bobs wants five!"

He suggests the unemployed should be taught soldiering during their leisure time. But surely that would be an expensive and unprofitable experiment.

"A LAME DUCK" (Johannesburg) says that out there they give cakes with lots of fruit in them. We poor Britishers are obliged to content ourselves with biscuits.

H. T. J. (Liverpool).—What do you want to say about the incident? Did the dog kill the cat or was death due to natural causes?

E. H. (Finchley) wants us to publish a photo of our Editor. But no camera can do him justice.

"A YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURER" (Halifax) says that British merchants not manufacturers, are to blame for not supplying what Canadians require. He says manufacturers have to make what merchants order. But if merchants are incompetent, why do not manufacturers constitute themselves their own merchants?

J. B. (Finsbury Park).—We don't like green ink. It is too much like absinthe. But we forgive you. We shall not pass on your advice to Jim Crow to get drunk. He does not want it. And he sleeps the sleep of the unjust.

T. A. W. (Llangadock) wants to know where he can obtain a book with instructions for beginners in black and white sketching landscape, also in landscape painting. Perhaps some publisher will oblige.

"SUFFERER" (On the Road) writes: "Suffering from an abscess as large as a cricket-ball and very highly inflamed, I was forced to go to the Relieving Officer, Mr. E. R. Merrick, of Maidstone, for an admittance order for the Workhouse Infirmary. I explained to him my inability to walk the distance (between three and four miles). He simply replied, 'There's your order, get there as best you can.' This is what I am doing, dragging myself along in horrible agony of pain. I contend that an ambulance of some sort should have been placed at my disposal." So do we.

M. J. D. wants offers for the first four volumes of JOHN BULL.

E. H. V. (Kilburn) wants a biscuit for a schoolboy who translated "les bords du golfe de Naples" as "the golf-links of Naples."

A. M. W. (Teddington) wishes to warn tradesmen against Kenworthy Brothers, of Blackburn, who appoint people as "sole agents" for an article called "Sketcho," and then appoint as many other agents as they can in the same locality. The representative of the firm takes money in advance for handbills which, it is said, are never sent, and all sorts of magnificent prizes are offered for the best drawings made with this toy. Our friends the newsagents seem to be specially selected as victims of this imposition. What is the Public Prosecutor doing?

E. H. T. (Norwich).—We do not recommend the firm of J. Lord and Co. (128, Great Jackson Street, Manchester), which advertises home employment in the making of incandescent mantles.

L. M. M. (Chancery Lane) suggests the relief of the unemployed by the construction of sea walls, the reclaiming of land in the Solent, the drainage of Lough Neagh, and the establishment of manure factories round London. But surely London is fœtid enough already.

H. E. C. (Fulham) appears to have been badly treated by a policeman in connection with a bicycle ride. We do not think he ought to have been summoned, but it is difficult for us to revise the case *ex parte*.

H. P. (Ilford) wants to prevent German torpedo-boats from frequenting British waters.

"SWANK" (Smethwick) sends us two cuttings. An architect, who was summoned for travelling without having paid his fare, for stating that he was a season-ticket holder when he had never been one, and for giving a false name and address, was let off with a fine of 5s., with 6s. 6d. costs in one case, and costs of 4s. 6d. in each of two other cases. But a fitter, who travelled without having paid his fare, and, when challenged to produce his ticket, replied "Season," was fined £5 and costs. Penalties imposed by magistrates for this kind of offence usually vary, according to the state of the magistrates' livers.

D. L. S. (Cairo) sends us some very interesting examples of the peculiarities of the figure 9. It is wonderful how JOHN BULL gets about!

A. B. (Millwall), "Dave" (Exeter), D. T. E. (Bangor), "Eton'an" (Hull), W. H. E. (Paignton), H. H. (Penarth), C. T. (Northfleet), J. F. (Birmingham), H. S. (Hanley), H. C. (Barnsbury), "Pensions" (Manchester), L. O. S. (Gloucester), B. N. (Old Kent Road), "Invicta," W. B. (Chatham), "Enrique," J. W. (Penrith), A. O. N. (Worcester), E. G. (Bedminster), R. W. C. (Kibworth), S. W. (Manchester), J. R. P. (Willesden), E. J. (Walthamstow), H. W. (Swindon), W. W. of W., J. C. D. (Bugsworth), A. C. F. (Wimbledon), H. A. B. (Weston-super-Mare), F. C. (Walsall), F. J. S. (Worthing), F. L. S. (Dukinfield), J. S. (Honor Oak Park), W. B. (Plymouth Club). May your shadows never grow less.

(Unfortunately we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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If you cannot eat you cannot be strong and well. That is self-evident. Therefore it is unwise to neglect the early symptoms of indigestion. You must suffer if you do. That slight oppression after meals will turn to acute pain; that dull, heavy feeling over your eyes become the daily headache. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup! Take it now and avoid risks. It is the supreme cure for indigestion, because it ensures perfect action of the digestive organs.

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From MRS. GIBSON, 15, Charlton Road, Plaistow, London, E. 1/2/08.

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SYRUP

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saves a Multitude of Chins from smarting.

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UNIQUE "SILVER" ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PROFESSIONAL MAN CHOOSES A MUNIFICENTLY GENEROUS WAY OF CELEBRATING HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

He Decides to present to 1,000,000 Members of the Public "Anniversary Gift Packages," Containing Full Printed Details of his hitherto Priceless and Jealously-Guarded Professional Secret, wherewith he Won the Patronage of Royalty.

Interesting Story of the Discoverer of an Idea which in Less than Two Years Firmly Established Itself as a Regular Feature of the Toilet of the Better Class of the English-speaking Peoples Throughout the World Because of its Valuable Hygienic and Tonic Effects upon the Scalp and Hair.

One of the best known men in London business circles is just now celebrating the 25th anniversary of his professional career.

For it is now twenty-five years ago since Mr. Edwards, whose name as the discoverer of "Harlene" and originator of "Harlene Hair Drill" is now famous far and wide throughout the world wherever civilisation has penetrated, and fair women and well-groomed men are gathered together, first decided to devote his great talents and energy to the study of the Hair, its growth, its preservation, and its beautification.

They have been twenty-five years of strenuous study, of ceaseless experimentation, of ever-growing success in the treatment of the various troubles that constantly affect the hair of both men and women. And now, to-day, although he has spent a quarter of a century in studying the hair and in perfecting "Harlene," he is still busily experimenting in his laboratory.

Mr. Edwards, then, has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the care and study of the hair. He has not gone unrewarded. He makes no secret of the fact that his professional efforts have flourished exceedingly. They have flourished through the superabundant merits of "Harlene" itself. "Harlene" has solved the hair problem. No one need suffer from falling hair or baldness, or discoloured hair or scurfiness, if they regularly employ the method of applying "Harlene," which Mr. Edwards has perfected, and which is now known everywhere as "Harlene Hair Drill."

Remarkable Popularity of "Harlene Hair Drill."

Thousands of men and women who have cured themselves of long-standing hair and scalp troubles and weaknesses can confirm this. To-day the users of "Harlene" and the "Hair Drill" method can be numbered in their tens of thousands and their hundreds of thousands, and, as they include members of Royal and Imperial houses, Mr. Edwards is justly entitled to his famous title of the Royal Hair Specialist.

Like the great Earl of Strafford, Mr. Edwards' watchword has always been "thorough," and he has now decided to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his life-work in a characteristically "thorough" and original way.

So much interest has been aroused by the truly remarkable public success of the "Harlene Hair Drill" in curing the most long-standing cases of—

1. Baldness
2. Falling Hair
3. Weak Hair
4. Dull Hair
5. Greyness
6. Discoloured Hair
7. Lifeless Hair
8. Scurf or Dandruff

and other hair ailments which detract so tremendously from the appearance of both men and women, that Mr. Edwards has decided to distribute amongst those readers of this paper who are interested in their hair no fewer than

A MILLION FREE OUTFITS FOR "HARLENE HAIR DRILL."

This is, perhaps, the most magnificent offer ever made by a London professional man. As a rule, it is only personal friends or neighbours who are privileged to participate in "silver" anniversaries. But Mr. Edwards has always been so absorbed in the question of growing Beautiful Hair that he has come to consider every man or woman who is dissatisfied with the condition of his or her hair as almost a personal friend. And so he has extended this personal invitation to all readers who desire to improve the appearance of their hair. He issues this invitation through these columns. He asks them to write, and he will send them as a memento twenty-five years' experience in the curing of Hair-Weaknesses—not a mere printed card or useless medallion, but something far more valuable and appropriate—the supreme result of his discoveries, study, and experience—the blessing of the gift of a good head of hair, to attain which result he will give away 1,000,000 packages of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair Drill" instructions absolutely free of cost.

If you are a woman, he wants to show you how to make your hair long, luxuriant, beautiful, the admiration of all your friends. If you are a man, he wants to stop a "growing greyness" or "thinness" that, maybe, is causing you anxiety from a business or professional point of view. He wants to show you how you may prevent your hair growing thin, he wants to show you why it is you never need fear either scurf or dandruff any more. It is a fine idea—it rests with readers to carry it out.

It has been said of English people that they are fast becoming a "bald-headed generation." Mr. Edwards considers that we should give no cause to anyone for such an accusation to be made. He has known of so many cases where "Harlene Hair Drill" has cured baldness—even chronic, long-standing, almost hopeless baldness—that he knows that if you are bald this anniversary offer of his will cure you—you, who read these lines—if you will accept it. And therefore he is making this truly royal arrangement. By this he has done his part. It only remains for you to do yours. By writing a letter now to Edwards' Harlene Co. (enclosing coupon below and 3d. in stamps for postage), 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., you will receive by return post as a Twenty-fifth Anniversary Memento:—

1.—A supply of "Harlene for the Hair" sufficient for One Week's Trial of the "Harlene Hair Drill."

2.—A very interesting book on the hair, together with full instructions showing you how best to carry out the "Harlene Hair Drill" movements and exercises.

If you will call personally at Messrs. Edwards' (Hair Specialists by Royal Appointment), at High Holborn, presenting this coupon, no charge is made. Further supplies of Edwards' "Harlene for the Scalp and Hair" can be obtained at all high-class chemists' and stores throughout the world in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, or sent direct and post paid (to any part of the United Kingdom) on receipt of postal order.

A corner of the laboratory where Mr. Edwards has spent 25 years in the study of the Hair, its treatment and disease.

COUPON.

For Free "HARLENE HAIR DRILL" OUTFIT.

Issued by the Royal Hair Specialists to all desirous of growing and beautifying the Hair.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO. 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs,—I wish to try "Harlene Hair Drill" for one week in accordance with your offer to readers of this paper, and shall be glad if you will send me the "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfit, with instructions, free of charge.

I enclose *3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull, 23/1/9. .....

*This amount is not payable if the reader calls for the Free Outfit.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGE.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Is It True?

What a consolation it is for a backer when losing to tell others of his bad luck; and how many of us day after day have to seek such mental relief!

Sport in Southern Nigeria.

The Lagos race meeting was recently held, being a three days' fixture and providing very fair sport. The chief event was the Governor's Cup, but the richest prize the Agent's Cup. The racing there is invariably carried out under a tropical sun, there being a day's interval between each portion of the meeting, so as to give the horses a rest, for practically the same little troop compete each time.

A Light-weight Wanted.

I shall be glad to hear from any light-weight jockey or "lad" who has served his apprenticeship and had some public experience who can "do" 7 st. comfortably, and would go out to S. Africa. No big retainer beyond a two years' positive engagement is offered, but to a capable boy it would mean a real chance of becoming quite the leader there, for light-weights are scarce, and a good lad would soon be bang in front.

Prophetic.

It is obvious on the Hurst Park running that

BLACK PLUM

must win the Hurdle Handicap at Manchester to-day (Thursday), while for Lingfield the recent Hurst Park winners, Master Tredennis and Sachem, seem likely to dominate, if not to spoil, the respective Hurdle and Steeplechase Handicaps on Saturday. I shall, however, expect BUTTER BALL—who is worth support *each way*—to win the Hurdle Race, and SHANAWAN to tackle the others successfully over the bigger fences; whilst on his form with Flaxfield, THE LONGMYND must not be made a loser.

At Nottingham next Monday and Tuesday WARDSTOWN should win the Mansfield Steeplechase and CHESSINGTON the Handicap.

For MEN ONLY

OATINE AND SHAVING.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the Oatine Shaving Cream (in tubes) or the Oatine Shaving Stick, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the Oatine Soaps for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as Oatine Cream, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or better still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave, this has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of Oatine Cream and Oatine Soap will be sent to all applicants together with a copy of our Booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

The Oatine Co., 270, Deanman Street, London, S.E.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH

USE "NUGGET" POLISHES THEY "DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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LOANS of £20 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 39 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of November 28th and December 5 and 12th:—

R. MARTIN, 154, Thornley Street, Burton-on-Trent. (No. 219000—December 5th, 1908.)

G. W. NICHOLLS, 2, Whitehall Terrace, Whitehall Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex. (No. 194773—December 5th, 1908.)

T. BUSH, George IV., George Street, Croydon. (No. 283971—November 28th, 1908.)

F. MARSHALL MEADE, Hill Side, Langport, Somerset. (No. 143648—November 28th, 1908.)

R. W. GARRETT, Rose Villa, Wellington Road, Wealdstone, Middlesex. (No. 118907—December 5th, 1908.)

WM. H. PEAKE, Beechcroft, Fulwell Village, Sunderland. (No. 3402—December 5th, 1908.)

WILLIAM NOBLE, 396, Sunderland Road, Gateshead. (No. 11007—December 5th, 1908.)

JOHN OWEN DAVIES, 44, Greswell Street, Fulham Palace Road, S.W. (No. 190455—December 5th, 1908.)

FRANK HARRIS, 42, West Brampton, Newcastle-under-Lyme. No. 249011—November 28th, 1908.)

Mrs. KATE TURNER, 24, Thompson Road, Sheffield. (No. 99042—December 12th, 1908.)

Mrs. T. B. FLIGGE, Heatherdene, Brooke Road, Oakham, Rutland. (No. 28240—December 12th, 1908.)

J. WELLOCK, Greenhills, Keighley. (No. 14414—December 12th, 1908.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 19:—

2784; 16834; 19017; 22355; 25478; 27701; 30019; 33011; 46730; 53348; 54342; 58385; 67901; 73867; 78489; 84010; 93643; 100113; 106748; 112314; 117948; 121047; 125543; 131980; 137495; 149677; 161348; 165433; 169284; 170476; 179632; 187104; 194999; 197466; 201114; 204841; 213810; 223702; 225783; 237701; 239347; 240541; 246783; 249874; 254743; 251071; 259187; 267432; 281437; 289897.

INITIAL DIGITS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 20TH (PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 19TH).

Special Notice.

After the end of the present month, this scheme will be entirely re-organised. Numbers will be drawn weekly in respect of the previous week's issue, and, instead of having to undertake canvassing, the holders of the drawn numbers will be asked to assist us in another, and novel, manner involving no entrenchment upon their spare time or present occupation.

Awarded Gold Medal at The Franco-British Exhibition.

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The Famous Wine Tonic.

TO COUNTERACT CHILLS AND INFLUENZA.

PROTECTS THE HEALTH. There is unfortunately, a tendency to deterioration in all large cities. Men, and women too, rush about, eat quickly and often unsuitably, worry all day in a vitiated and dust-laden atmosphere, come home overtired, and spend half the night awake and disturbed. No wonder they get "run down." The remedy for a "run down" condition is "Wincarnis," the famous meat and malt wine tonic. "Wincarnis," protects one's health by raising the powers of resistance to disease. It makes the blood warm and rich in red corpuscles, gives a vigorous circulation.

FREE TRIAL. Send three penny stamps (to pay cost of carriage) to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll obtain a sample bottle, free of charge. Mention this paper.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can buy "Wincarnis" at any wine merchant's, and Chemist's or Grocer's who are licensed to sell wines. You can buy "Wincarnis" with Quinine of Chemists.

"Wincarnis" is also prepared with Iron or Pepsine, or Celery or Quinine.

Contractors to His Majesty's Forces and the R.A.M.C., and by appointment to T. M.'s the King and Queen of Spain.

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Science in Modern Life

Edited by Prof. J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A., with Contributions by 11 other SCIENTISTS.

"The number of lay people who could give a tolerable account of the nature and cause of Sun Spots, or the wonders of the spectroscope, is no more than one in a thousand so-called cultured people. The remedy, of course, is reading.

"The opening volume of 'Science in Modern Life' deals with Astronomy and Geology by A. C. D. Crommelin, B.A., F.R.A.S., and C. T. Jones, A.Sc., F.R.S., respectively. Each subject is admirably dealt with and illustrated by an abundance of diagrams and full-page coloured plates. Both authors fence their subjects thoroughly well, waste no words on fruitful and misleading analogies (the curse of so-called popular expositions), and confine themselves to a full, lucid, and comprehensive summary of the results and methods of their department.

"Succeeding volumes, we are informed, will deal with Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Physiology, Anthropology, Engineering. The attempt has been made, and, judging from the first volume, successfully made, to present the intelligent reader with a reliable guide to the actual achievements of modern science, together with a running commentary on the practical bearing of science on life. The volumes are handsomely got up, and astonishingly cheap at the price."—*New Age.*

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Owing to the failure of a Syndicate, The London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, Ltd., having secured a manufacturer's Stock of new Motor Cabs upon highly advantageous terms, are offering same at VERY BARGAIN PRICES. These Cabs are . . .

BRAND NEW and READY for INSTANT USE on the ROAD.

Fitted with 4-cylinder Engines of 12 h.p. and conform in every respect to Scotland Yard Regulations, and are complete with Taximeters, Fire Extinguishers, Stepney spare wheels, all accessories and tools.

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